

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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POETRY.

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THE FALLING LEAF.

Now go, O noisy train,
With all the haste of steam,
And leave me in these Autumn woods
To dream.

O kind and welcome hill,
To bear this leafy bed,
And shield me from the chilly wind
That blows o'er head.

I thank thee, generous Sun,
For this rich beam,
Which warms me into sweet repose,
And makes me dream.

Say, crimson, falling Leaf,
Why quit thy home so high?
Must all thy glowing beauty fade
And die?

Or art thou only passing hence
That in some fruit or grain
Thou may'st with glories all increased
Live on again?

While moving to'rds that higher state,
Perhaps for a brief hour,
Thou'lt linger in a sweeter form,
A flower.

Or will some unseen fairy hand
Thy essence crush?
Thy matchless colour save, to form
A maiden's blush.

Will watchful angels catch that blush,
Thy soul to keep?
Ah! who can tell? Away vain dream
And let me sleep!

October 20, 1870. Louisville Daily Commercial.

THE E'EN BRINGS A' HAME.

Upon the hills the wind is dark and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord! have wandered from Thy fold;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints — oh, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts;
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming — when the light de-
parts

At evening, bring us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no
star

Rises to guide us. We have wandered far —
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are;
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us and the snow-drifts
thicken;

O Thou, dear Shepherd! leave us not to sicken
In the waste night; our tardy footsteps quicken,
At evening bring us home.

"Shadow of The Rock."

AN OLD JACOBITE SONG.

The sun rises bright in France
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blink he had
In my ain countrie.
It's nae my ain ruin
That weets aye my e'e,
But the dear Marie I left ahin!
Wi' sweet bairnies three.

Fu' beinly lowed my ain hearth
And smiled my ain Marie!
O I've left all my heart behind
In my ain countrie!
O I'm leal to high Heaven
Which aye was leal to me;
And it's there I'll meet ye a' soon
Frae my ain countrie.

SONNET.

Nor that Disease his cruel hand has raised,
And clutched away thy beauty and thy
strength,
Threatening to hold them all thy sad days'
length; —
It is not this which made the eyes that gazed
Falter, and fill with trembling tears that dazed
My inward vision, like my outward view,
Till hope and courage faded, and I knew
A bitter dread, which left me dumb, amazed.
No, it was this: that fell disease should gain
Over thy virtues and thy steadfast mind
A hold, which through long years of health to
find,
All sins, and all temptations sought in vain.
Ay, 'tis this dread which sometimes makes me
dumb:
Death, tho' I love him, ere this comes, oh come!
Macmillan.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
RUSKIN'S LECTURES ON ART.*

THERE are few men of our time who have been more largely praised or more bitterly attacked than Mr. Ruskin. There are none who have deserved more praise or more resolutely challenged attack. He has been so lavish in his approbation of certain artists and schools of art, that he has raised against them a cloud of opponents. He has been so unsparing in blame of certain others, so curiously inventive of terms of reproach, so audacious in his tilting against received opinions, and so felicitous sometimes in his hits, that he has forced into combination against him a number of determined foes. Of all men he should be the last to object to criticism, for his own sword seldom seeks the scabbard. And on the whole, though he professes with a certain archness a desire for peace, nothing gives him so much pleasure, or brings out his intellect so well, as war, when it is on a subject with which he is acquainted. He will run on, giving birth to paradox after paradox in an apparently gloomy manner, choosing for very wilfulness the obscurity of the Pythoness, as long as his listeners sit rapt and receptive at his feet. But the moment one of them, seeing that the paradoxes are becoming intolerable, starts up and meets them with a blunt contradiction, and declares war, Mr. Ruskin becomes radiant with good humour, his intellect becomes incisive, and he rushes to the fight with joy. Nothing is worse for him than worship; and if he had had less of it, he would have done the State more service. Half of his morbid and hopeless writing comes directly of this—that he has not been of late sufficiently excited by respectful opposition to feel happy.

It may be said that he has had plenty of opposition of late, but it is not the sort which makes a man draw his sword with pride. Since he has devoted himself to economical and political subjects, the criticism he has met has been a criticism of laughter from his enemies and of dismay from his friends. It has been felt impossi-

ble to go seriously into battle against him, for his army of opinions are such stuff as dreams are made of, and their little life is rounded with a sleep. Throw upon them a clear light, and they disperse—

“The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither have they
vanished?”

We cannot say with Macbeth, “Would they had stayed;” but when we look back on the extraordinary series of proposals for regenerating the country, and remember the criminal classes set to draw canal boats under the lash, and the poor dressed all in one sad-coloured costume, and other things of this character, we may follow with Banquo's words,

“Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
Which takes the reason prisoner?”

In this way he has brought upon himself the loss of the impulse he derives from respectful and vigorous war. He has left the Delectable mountains where he fed his sheep, and gone back to the valley of the shadow of death. There, impressed with the withered image of Carlyism, which having surrendered hope sits now like giant Pope shaking its hands at the pilgrims of the world, and unable to do more than mutter curses at Liberalism, and invoke the help of the aristocracy to sanctify and redeem the people: enthralled by this phantom of a past glory, he has found it almost impossible to go on drawing, with the peace necessary for an artist, the tombs of Verona, or to note down the fleeting loveliness of a sunset cloud. While the poor were perishing for want of fresh water and decent houses, he seemed to himself, we conjecture, to be like Nero, fiddling while Rome was burning. So he abandoned his own sphere—in which, whatever may be his faults, he was supreme by genius—to follow, *haud passibus æquis*, in the track of our Jeremiah, whose style is open to the same charge which Mr. Arnold makes so pathetically against the Jewish prophet. But the prophetic cry does not suit the gentler temper of Mr. Ruskin. With all his efforts we are thankful to say that he cannot arrive at

* Lectures on Art, delivered before the University of Oxford, &c. By John Ruskin, M.A., Slade Professor of Fine Art. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1870.

making the uncouth noise Carlyle made, and the uncouthness of which gave what he said more than half its force. He is too tender-hearted to curse heartily, and he cannot bear, like his prototype, to pour forth torrents of blame without proposing remedies for evils. But the remedies Ruskin has proposed are unpractical at this time and in this country, owing to his ignorance of the state of the poor. No man is less fitted to understand their true position. He is too sensitive to beauty, to cleanliness, to quietude, not to exaggerate the apparent misery of a life passed in the midst of ugliness, dirt, and noise. He thinks all the poor feel these things nearly as much as he does, and he cannot conceive, as we see from these lectures, that they should endure to live. We should suppose that he has never lived among them, nor seen how things among them are seasoned by custom. Those who have gone from room to room in the courts which Ruskin thinks so unendurable, know that there is, on the whole, as much happiness among them as there is among the upper classes; that there is more self-sacrifice, more of the peace of hard work, more good humour, more faithfulness to others in misfortune, more every-day righteousness. Their chief evils are drunkenness, which has only lately vanished from among the upper classes; the torrent of alms which has been poured upon them, and which has drowned their independence and postponed their learning the lesson of prudence as opposed to their reckless extravagance. Their main wants are a really active sanitary board, directed by gentlemen in the cities and provinces, who will see that the common work is done with common honesty; and education, especially education in physical science. The commonest training in the first principles of physiology and chemistry, given accurately, will soon produce that state of active anger at their condition, and determination to have it rectified, which no State interference can give them, and which State interference sends to sleep. True, Ruskin advocates this kind of education, and has advocated it well; but he has done it as part of an elaborate system of direction by the State and by the upper

classes,—direction which would be as evil to its victims as Romish direction is to the moral force of its patients. No nation has ever been saved by foreign help: the poor can never be saved by the action of the rich, only by their native exertion, and everything that Ruskin says on the subject, in these Lectures and elsewhere, is open to this most grave objection, that it takes away from the people the education which is gained by personal mistakes and personal conquest of mistakes.

Owing to these two things then,—ignorance of the real state of the poor,—and the vicious idea of interference from above with the poor,—the remedies which Ruskin proposes are unpractical. At the same time many of his hints, divorced from their principles, are valuable, and we cannot doubt the earnestness and charity with which he speaks, nor refrain from loving him, though we disagree with him. But with the want of practical knowledge has come exaggeration, and with exaggeration disproportioned remedies, and the world, listening to the recital of woes rendered unreal by the violence of the denunciations, and still more unreal by the proposals for their abolition, has lent its ear to Mr. Ruskin for a transient hour, and smiled and gone on its way, and he, having expended so much force for nought, and meeting no real opposition, has slid into melancholy, and from thence into despair.

Moreover, the treatment of such subjects at all, at least their direct treatment, was a great mistake on his part, the error of mistaking his calling. He has been given great powers, as great as those bestowed on any man in this century. He has read the book of nature with unwearied diligence and conscientious observation. He is in every sense a student. But he is far more, in that he is a man of genius; for he can not only see rightly (see the outline beneath the fulfilment), but he can express with passion which is sufficiently tempered to be intense, and with copiousness sufficiently charged with fact to be interesting, that which he has seen in the natural world. It is not too much to say that for many of us whose deepest pleasure is in the beauty of the world, he has tripled our

power of pleasure. And it has been done, not as the Poet does it by developing intensity of feeling, but by appealing to feeling through the revelation of fact; and by the exquisite delight which we feel he takes in the discovery and the beauty of the fact, and by the charm of the vehicle through which he tells his story. Nobody before him took the trouble to tell us what mountains were like, for the descriptions of the geologist bear the same relation to the actual mountains that the detail of the skeleton bears to the living man. Nobody before him made the aspect of the sky, morning, noon, and evening, familiar as a household word, nor led us to look on clouds and all their beauty as as much objects of daily observation and delight as the ways of our children or the face of those we love. No one before him took us by the brooks of water and upon the sea, and made every ripple of the one and every wave-form of the other a recognized pleasure. Wordsworth gave us much help, but he taught us to feel more than to observe and understand. But Ruskin has taught us to observe and understand, not as the scientific man does for the ends of science, but for the ends of *delight* received from the perception of truth, and no more faithful and splendid work has ever been done. One would say that this observer of the vaster aspects of nature for the end of Art, would be likely to fail in seeing the loveliness of the infinitely little, of the "beetle panoplied in gems and gold," of the "daisy's shadow on the naked stone," of the opening of a sheaf of buds, of the fairy wilderness of an inch or two of meadow. But neither here has he failed, and the reader of Mr. Ruskin's books may lie on his face in a field for half an hour, or watch the water of a stream eddying round a mossy trunk, and not only feel unremitting pleasure in what he sees, as Keats or Wordsworth would make him feel, but know why he feels his pleasure, add to his stock of artistic fact, and gain additional power of knowing beauty. All our hours of recreation have been blessed through him.

The same delicate sensitiveness to beauty combined with acute critical perception of minuter points of excellence has been ap-

plied by him to poetry. Since Coleridge we have had no finer work done on the Poets. It is a pity that his criticisms on Dante, Shakespeare, Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, and others, are not collected out of his volumes and published separately.* A book of this kind would be of infinitely more value than the useless "Selections from Ruskin;" a book which irritates one, even more than selections usually do, and has given an entirely false impression of his work to that luckless personage, the general reader.

The work which he has done on Pictures has been equally good of the same kind. He was perfectly capable of explaining their technical excellence, but he did not choose to write for artists, and we are glad that he laid this sort of work aside. For, however good it might be for special students, it gave no help to the public, and only led certain would-be connoisseurs to prate about morbidezza and chiar'oscuro, and bold handling and a hundred other things, which in their mouths were little better than cant. We have been delivered by Mr. Ruskin from the technicalities of ignorant persons. He has led us more than all others to look for the conception of a picture, and to study the way in which the artist carried out that conception. He has taught us to compare it with the facts of nature which we are capable of observing, and to judge it partly from the artist's reverence for truth. We can now, having a certain method, enjoy the thing done with a great deal of delight, without knowing how it is done. Of course the enjoyment is not so great as his who can not only appreciate the ideas but also the mode of work; but it is something, and the smattering we had before of artistic phrase was worth nothing. Those who have time and inclination can go further, but the many who cannot, have now a real pleasure; they can give a reason why they like a picture instead of talking nonsense. Of course the dilettante Pharisees

* We do not mean to say that we agree with all Mr. Ruskin's views on Poetry. On the contrary, we often disagree with him, entirely so, for example, when he represents Keats as morbid and sad — a man of the healthiest nature and of the most happy temperament, till disease laid its hand upon his splendid but undeveloped powers.

are angry, but that only increases the general thankfulness of the public.

Mr. Ruskin has not only shown us how to go to work. He has a rare power of seeing into the central thought of a picture, and his wide knowledge of the aspects of nature enables him to pronounce upon truth of representation. He has performed this labour notably on Turner and Tintoret. Turner's phrase, that "he sees meanings in my pictures which I did not mean," is the exact truth; and Shakespeare would no doubt have said the same had he read Schlegel. He has revealed the genius of Turner to the world by comparing Turner with Nature; and those who have spent hour after hour in the enchanted rooms of the Ducal Palace, or wandered day after day through the sombre galleries of the Scuola San Rocco, know what he has done for Tintoret. It has been said that the world appreciated Turner before Ruskin spoke. A few persons and the artists did (no one ever imagined that the artists did not heartily acknowledge his genius), but artists have not the gift of speech, nor, with an exception or two, such as Eastlake, the faculty of criticism, and we have only found out at last from their biographies what they thought. It is absurd to quote their isolated sayings as a proof that the public understood and valued Turner before Ruskin wrote. Artists say that they pointed out Tintoret to Ruskin, but why did not they point him out to the world? The public wish to be taught, and the artists are silent. We expect it is that they have not much to say. They know what is good; so does Mr. Ruskin. But he takes the trouble to tell us what is good and why it is good, and we owe no gratitude to the artists and a very great deal to him.

Now to do all this, to read Nature, Poetry and Painting for us, and to continue doing it, was Ruskin's peculiar work, and the greater part of it was most nobly done. We ask, with sorrow, why he abandoned it? We have suffered no greater grief than when he left it and took up other labours, for which he was eminently unfitted, and the effect of which was to spoil his powers for his especial business. Sanitary reform, political economy, the dressing of England, manufactories, crime, poverty! *que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* A man must have iron nerves and little acute sense of beauty, to play his part in that battle-field, and the result on Ruskin has been like that which would follow on sending a poet like Shelley into one of the war hospitals. He ceases to be

able to write poetry and he kills the patients.

This is one of the great mistakes which are scarcely ever remedied, and we trace its results in every one of these Lectures, which are weakened by the forced introduction of irrelevant matter, and by the hopeless tone which much musing on miserable subjects has brought into his temper and his style. We trace the latter in the very first page, where he says that it "has chanced to him of late to be so little acquainted either with pride or hope that he can scarcely recover so much as he now needs of the one for strength, and of the other for foresight." We appeal to him to throw by altogether the peculiar class of subjects of which we speak, and to believe that when God has given him so plainly a particular work to do, it is his first duty to stick to that work, and to put aside everything which interferes with it. Hope will return when he does his proper labour, and the noble pride of the workman in his toil will give him strength when a crowd of importunate duties outside his sphere are sternly shut out, and he concentrates himself on the one great duty of his life — the unveiling to men Truth and Beauty in Art and in Nature.

We trace this despondent tone, and the consequent false view of the world, still more pathetically in a passage in the "Catalogue of Examples," where he describes himself as walking in his garden early in the morning to hear the nightingale sing, and sees "the sunlight falling on the grass through thickets of the standard peach, and of plum and pear in their first showers of fresh silver looking more like much broken and far-tossed spray of fountains than trees," and hears the roar of the railroads sounding in the distance, "like the surf of a strong sea," and thinks that "of all the myriads imprisoned by the English Minotaur of lust for wealth, and condemned to live, if it is to be called life, in the labyrinth of black walls and loathsome passages between them, which now fills the valley of the Thames — not one could hear, this day, any happy bird sing or look upon any quiet space of the pure grass that is good for seed." It is so strongly expressed and so prettily ended, and has so much of fact to bear it out, that one at first is inclined to believe it all. But it is very far from the whole truth. Every year sees more grass in London and more trees; the parks are more crowded with children and working men and roughs, who with all their rudeness respect the flowers and enjoy the

meadow; the song of the thrush is not quite gone from the gardens of Kensington and Victoria Park; in spring and summer time, owing to the very railways which Ruskin seems anxious to abolish, thousands pour out of London every week to Epping and Richmond and Hampton and the Downs, and even drink the sea-breeze at Margate and Brighton. Our poor see far more of the country and of lovely places than they did in the past times which we glorify so foolishly; and bad as London is, it is better now that we have proved that we can actually stamp out the cholera, than it was in the days when the Black Death strode unopposed through its streets, and reaped a harvest in its filthy lanes and reeking cottages, which it could not reap at the present time, when the whole nation is ten times cleaner.

It is a picture by Cima of Conegliano, which he introduces to the students with this burst of sorrow, and he bids them look upon it when they would be in the right temper for work. "It will seem to speak to you if you look long: and say again, and yet again, *ἰδέε ἄνθρωπε*. His own Alps are in the distance, and he shall teach us how to paint their wild flowers, and how to think of them." Professor Ruskin seems to infer from the whole of this passage, and from others in the Lectures, that when these delicate and beautiful pictures were painted by Bellini, Cima, and others, there was more enjoyment of the country and of lovely things by the poor, (as if our love of landscape was not ten times more wide-spread than that of the Venetians!) and that the poor were better off, and lived a cleaner and healthier life, and had better dwellings than they now possess in London. Neither Bellini nor Conegliano, we imagine, troubled themselves as much about the poor as even a vestryman of St. Pancras, and if we take the city of Venice, to whose school Cima belonged, the facts which speak of dirt, disease, and ill-living, are appalling. In 1392 the Doge Morosini died of a great plague which swept away 19,000 souls. Not quite a century afterwards, in 1476, the Pest came again, and in 1484 it was again raging with unrelenting fury. In 1556 plague and famine again devastated the city. Checked for a time, it broke out again with desolating violence in 1576; and in 1630 the great church of S. M. della Salute, which guards the entrance of the Grand Canal, was built by the vows of the Senate to beseech the prayers of the Virgin to avert another

awful destruction from the people. We know now pretty well, by our own sad experience, what these visitations mean. They mean that the curse of darkness and low living, and vile dwellings, and pestilential crowding was as deep over the sun-girt city where Cima of Conegliano worked, as it ever has been in England, as it is not now in England. None of the other Italian cities were much better off, though plague was naturally worse in Venice, from its closer connection with the East, from its vast population, and from its want of fresh-water and drainage.

This curious inability of seeing facts, when he is entangled with matters irrelevant to his proper work, has spoiled some of Professor Ruskin's past labour, and diminishes the influence of these Lectures. In another man it would be culpable negligence. In his case, he is partly blinded by his crowning mistake, to which we have alluded, and partly swept away by his theory. But men should not be blinded, and should not be swept away, and Ruskin's work suffers in consequence. For by and by (and this is frequently the case) he is sure to see the other side of his theory and to dwell on that with equal force. Both statements are set over one against each other, but in different portions of his works; and the world of readers naturally declares that he has contradicted himself. He denies this, saying that he has stated both sides of the truth; but stating both these sides separately and with equal vehemence, without having balanced them, he runs into exaggeration in both, and, instead of distinctly defining one truth, rushes into two mistakes. The result is that those who admire and revere his teaching, as we ourselves most sincerely do, are greatly troubled at times to defend him and to understand him. They are wearied by the efforts they have to make to set aside what is due to impetuosity, and to find by a laborious comparison of passages what the truth really is which he desires to tell.

We hoped, for example, that in the lecture on "The Relation of Art to Morality" he would have laid down plainly what he meant on this vexed subject. But we are bound to say that he has done so in a confused manner. His first phrase is, "You must have the right moral State or you cannot have the Art." He does not say you must have certain moral qualities in an artist or a nation, or you cannot have noble art:—he makes the immense requirement of a *right moral state*, which is either too vague a definition, or means

that the whole state of any artist's moral character must be right or he will not produce good work. Everybody at once denies this, and brings examples to disprove it. Ruskin says that those who have misapprehended the matter have done so because they did not know who the great painters were, such as those "who breathed empyreal air, sons of the morning, under the woods of Assisi, and the crags of Cadore." Well, let us take him of Cadore. The life of Titian is not the life of a man in a right moral state, in our usual sense of the words; nor does it agree with Ruskin's sketch of a moral life, in which he includes "any actual though unconscious violation of even the least law to which obedience is essential for the glory of life and the pleasing of its giver." Titian lived the life of a noble natural character, but his morals were entirely unrestrained by any considerations belonging to high morality. He was the friend of Aretino, and that speaks volumes for his moral standard. Tintoret, a much higher moral character, despised Aretino. Titian dined with that vile person with the vilest of women. It does not say much for his reverence that he had no objection to chant the Magnificat over a dish of savoury partridges. He lived freely, he spent his money freely, he drank freely, though wisely. Nor was the society of his city in a right moral state. It had not sunk down into the faded baseness of Venice before the French Revolution. It had still a reverence for truth, and honour, and generosity, but these were combined with an audacious immorality of the body, with fiery jealousies, with the most headlong following of passions.

A good deal of this, we acknowledge, is confessed by Professor Ruskin, but his confession only proves that his original phrase is much too large for his meaning. What he does mean, if we take the illustrations which follow as explanations, is this, that whatever is good in an artist's work springs from some corresponding element of good in his character, as, for example, truth of representation from love of truth. But this only predicates the existence in him of some moral qualities, not that he is in a right moral state, which means that the whole of his character is moral. With these moral qualities may exist immoral qualities, such as sensuality, and the evil influence of that will also be seen in his work. Stated thus, Ruskin only means that a man's character is accurately reflected in his art, and this, with respect to the *ideas* of his work, we

are by no means disposed to deny, seeing it may be called a truism.

But in other places, in scattered phrases, he seems to speak directly from the large statement, and to assume that it is true in its entirety, though he has modified it again and again. This is the element of confusion in the lecture, and it is at times extremely provoking.

It is worth while, perhaps, to look at the subject more closely. Noble art is the splendid expression, through intense but subdued feeling, of noble ideas. Nobleness of conception is its first element; but it is also necessary that the ideas should be represented simply, directly, and in a manner true to natural fact; that the harmony of the work should be complete, and also its finish; that the subordination of the parts to the whole, and their several relations, should be clear in statement, unbroken by any extravagance in any part, or any indulgence of mere fancy; and that the technical skill employed should be almost intuitive in absolute ease, accuracy, and knowledge.

Does all this presuppose a right moral state in the Artist? The first element does partly do so, for it is not possible that a base person can have noble thoughts or express them nobly, — at least in the ear or to the eye of a noble person; the imitation is at once detected; nor is the feeling of a base person ever intense, and even should he possess some passion, he cannot subdue it to the calm in which a great thought can alone take its correspondent form. Even that love of sensual pleasure which is so characteristic of artist life, and which by no means supposes a base character, though often an immoral one, spoils, we think, the predominance of high imagination in artistic work. No one who has studied Titian and Tintoret can, in our opinion, compare the two, so far as moral majesty of thought is concerned, and grandeur of imagination. In these points Tintoret as far excels Titian as his life was simpler and purer than Titian's. The same may be said of Raphael and Michael Angelo. But on the other hand, a man like Angelico may be in a much more right moral state than Titian, and yet never reach his nobility of conception.

It is plain, after all, that the possession of Imagination is the first thing, and of Individuality the second, and that the moral condition only influences and does not secure or destroy the ideas of genius. What really reduced the work of the later artists of the Renaissance to its poverty of ideas while retaining exquisite technical

skill, was not their moral state, which was by no means so bad as Ruskin says; but the way in which all individuality was over-ridden by the predominance of the Past. They became imitators, not inventors, and even Raphael's work shows that this deadening influence had begun. The Renaissance began by intensifying individuality and setting it free, in the case of Art, from the shackles of religious conventionality; it ended by laying a heavier yoke of convention on Art than even religion had done. Art could not endure that, and it perished.

On the whole, then, noble conceptions in an artist's work only presuppose *some* moral elements in his character, and it is not seldom the case that when an artist's moral state is absolutely right, there is a want in his work of healthy naturalness, of fire and warmth, of bold representation of human life. He is liable to be overawed by his own morality, he is likely to direct his work to a moral end as his *first* aim; and that would be the ruin of Art.

But putting noble ideas aside, and taking up the other qualities of great Art, such as preciseness of handling and the rest, do these necessarily presuppose a right moral state in the artist, or even analogous moral qualities? Ruskin boldly declares that they do. The infinite grace of the words of Virgil is due, he says, to his deep tenderness. The severity—severe conciseness, we suppose—of the words of Pope, to his serene and just benevolence. Both of these excellencies may have been influenced by the moral qualities mentioned; but we suspect they were mainly due to the literary work which preceded the *Æneid* and the *Essay on Man*. Pope was the last great artist of that critical school which began, we may say, with Dryden. Virgil developed into perfection the gracefulness which the Roman world of letters had been striving to attain for many years. They entered into the labours of other men, and added to these the last touch.

Professor Ruskin goes still further with respect to Art. After speaking in his best manner of the day's work of a man like Mantegna or Veronese, and of the unflinching, uninterrupted succession of movements of the hand more precise than those of a skilful fencer; of the muscular precision and the intellectual strain of such movement, and of its being governed every instant by direct and new intention, and of this sustained all life long, with visible increase of power,—he turns round and adds: "Consider, so far as you know anything of physiology, what sort

of an ethical state of body and mind that means! Ethic through ages past! What fineness of race there must be to get it; what exquisite balance of the vital powers! And then, finally, determine for yourselves whether a manhood like that is consistent with any viciousness of soul, mean anxiety or gnawing lust, any wretchedness of spite or remorse, any consciousness of rebellion against law of God or man," &c. &c. (p. 72). In this he has left his modifications behind and swept back to his large statement, and, without denying the portion of truth in the sentence, it is plain that the inference is not at all a necessary one. These qualities of the artist may be the result, partly of natural gift, and partly of a previous art development, into the advantages of which he steps at once. They presuppose that the artist has been born into a school which has brought its methods up to a certain point of perfection, from which a completer development is possible. His genius adds to the past what was needed to perfect it, and Titian or Turner orb their special Art into its perfect sphere. The ethic state into which Ruskin demands that he should be placed, because of his precise hand, may not be an ethic state at all. His absolute power of touch says, it is true, that neither the artist himself nor his parents were desperate drunkards nor imprudent sensualists, that they kept their physical frame in fine order. But does that prove his morality or that of his parents? A calculating sensualist, who is prudent in his indulgence, may have a healthier body than the man who has fought against sensualism all his life. A man may be a liar or a thief, and his bodily powers be in exquisite harmony. Fineness of race does not prove an antecedent morality, nor perfection of handling an artist's truth or honesty.

Again, he may have the patient power of a great master, his government of the hand by selective thought, his perception of the just harmony of colour, and the man himself be at the same time neither patient, nor temperate, nor pure in his daily life. For all artists can lead a double life, life in the world and life in their art; and genius and morality are two things, not one. Their several qualities resemble one another, but they are not identical. The intense industry of genius, its patience, its temperance in the centre of passion, are of its very nature; but outside the sphere of an artist's work, in matters of common life, where these qualities would become moral in resistance to sloth, to bad temper, and to sensual in-

dulgence, they may and do completely fail; nay, even the restraint of the studio may lead directly to absence of restraint in the world. One cannot argue as Ruskin does from the possession of the one to the possession of the other, though we may with him distinctly argue from the artist's search for lovely forms, and thoughts to express, to his moral temper. We partly agree then and partly disagree with our writer, but we have no hope that people in general will ever know clearly whether they agree or disagree with Mr. Ruskin on this subject till he tells us plainly what he means by a moral state, for surely the prevalence of kindness and order in a character does not sum up the whole of its meaning.

With regard to the aim of Art, Ruskin is much clearer than on the question of Art in relation to Morality. He can no longer be attacked on the ground that he denies that the first aim of Art should be to give a high pleasure, for he states plainly that every good piece of art involves essentially and first the evidence of human skill and the formation of an actually beautiful thing by it. We agree with him that, beyond this, Art may have two other objects, Truth and Serviceableness. Mr. Ruskin has done no work so well and so usefully as that in which he has proved that great Art is always true, and that so far as it does not represent the facts of things, it is neither vital nor beautiful. The statement has naturally to be modified when one comes to ideal pictures, but it bears modification without the contradiction of its principle; and the mode in which, in the "Modern Painters," these modifications are worked out within the sphere of the original statement is equally subtle and true. The necessity that there should be serviceableness as one element of the artist's conception appears chiefly in the Art of Architecture, and the general reception of the idea that everything in a building should be *motivé* towards the purpose of the building is largely due to the "Stones of Venice" and the "Seven Lamps of Architecture." In the present lecture on "The Relation of Art to Use," he goes, we think, too far. The usefulness of truthful portraiture no man denies, but we do not believe in Art being serviceable to Geology, Botany, and History, except on the condition of its ceasing to be art. The great artist can draw mountains accurately without knowing geology, and flowers without knowing botany; but he cannot help either geologist or botanist by work which, if it is imaginative, must

generalize truth. Moreover, it is waste of time; as great a waste of time as Ruskin himself makes when he torments himself with business. A section of Skiddaw, sufficient for all purposes, can be drawn by any pupil in the School of Mines. Again, in the matter of history, it is a very pretty pastime to illustrate Carlyle's Frederick, to draw the tomb of Henry the Fowler, or the battle-field of Minden; but so far as service to the historian is concerned, a photograph of the tomb and a map of the field by the Ordnance Survey would be far more useful. The artist would paint his impressions of the tomb and of the field of battle; the pictures would be delightful, but Turnerian topography would not assist the historian much.

Art is not to be a handmaid to Science or History, but to exist wholly within her own sphere and for her own ends. Her utility is in the communication of beauty and the giving of a noble enjoyment. She is the handmaid, not of any particular class of men, but of mankind, and the best advice to give to students who wish to make art useful is this, "Don't draw for the help of Science or History, draw for your own delight in Nature and Humanity — and to increase the delight of others. If your work lives to stir or confirm an enduring energy, or to kindle a true feeling, or to lead men to look more wisely, kindly, or closely at the life of humanity or the world of nature, it will be of more ennobling usefulness than all the labours of scientific or historical scholars. Let this be your aim, to give high pleasure to men, and to sacrifice your life for that. Then the usefulness of your art is secured."

We have left ourselves but little space in which to speak of the three last practical lectures on "Line," "Light," and "Colour." They go straight, with the inevitable digressions intermixed, to the objects of the Art School. The conception which Ruskin has of those objects is different from the usual one, but it is none the worse for that. It is well that one professor at least should see that one of the first aims of an art school at a university should be to teach young men to see beautiful natural fact and to love its beauty. In after-life they will demand it of artists, and the demand will react with benefit both on artists and art. They cannot learn this better than by drawing natural objects with accuracy. Ruskin has given himself to the teaching of this, and his method seems to be admirable. We refer our readers to the Lectures, but his

man's object, in his own words, is this, to teach his pupils "to draw spaces of their true shape, and to fill them in with colours which shall match their colours." He is right in dwelling upon colour more than on light and shade, and in his protest against the theory that shadow is an absence of colour. No words in the whole Lectures, considered not only as truth, but as establishing in his hearers' minds a true ideal of Art, are more important than these two sentences. "Shadow is necessary to the full presence of colour, for every colour is a diminished quantity or energy of light, and, practically, it follows, from what I have just told you, that every light in painting is a shadow to higher lights, and every shadow a light to lower shadows; that also every colour in painting must be a shadow to some brighter colour and a light to some darker one, all the while being a positive colour itself. And the great splendour of the Venetian school arises from their having seen and held from the beginning this great fact—that shadow is as much colour as light, often much more . . . while the practice of the Bolognese and Roman schools in drawing their shadows always dark and cold renders perfect painting impossible in those schools." That is one sentence; here is the other: "Whether you fill your spaces with colours or with shadows, they must be equally of the true outline and in true gradations. Without perfect delineation of form and perfect gradation of space, neither noble colour is possible nor noble light." Principles of these kinds worked out in teaching and taught by personal superintendence will make some of his pupils good workmen, and all good judges of the general aspects of art. To illustrate these things and others, and to inspire the students, Professor Ruskin, with a noble generosity for which he has not been sufficiently thanked—he has been so often generous that men have come to look upon his gifts as they look upon the gifts of air and light, so common that one forgets to be grateful—has given to the School of Art a whole collection of examples, many of them of great value and rarity, and many of them his own personal work, the results of years of accurate study and patient drawing. There are some artists who have been impertinent enough to despise and even to deny the artistic quality of Ruskin's work. But many of these drawings of flowers, of shells, of old buildings, and especially of such stonework as Gothic capitals, Venetian doorways, the porches of cathedrals,

are of the highest excellence, and possess a quality of touch and an imaginative sympathy with the thing represented, combined with an exquisite generalization of truth for which we look in vain in the work of many artists whose names stand high.

We believe that by Ruskin's work at the Art School in Oxford this result at least will be attained, that the young men who afterwards will become, by their wealth, patrons and buyers of art, will know good work when they see it, and be able and willing to rescue from the ruin of Italian restorers and destroyers pictures which are now perishing, unpitied and unknown. They will cease to waste their money. The expenditure, at present, of rich people, on the most contemptible nicknacks, on Swiss cottages and silver filagree, and Florentine frames and copies on china at Dresden and *pietra dura*, is as pitiable as it is incredible. Room after room in large houses is filled with trash which ought to be destroyed at once, for the demand for it keeps a mass of men producing things which are only worthy to pave roads with. The very production of copies of pictures is in itself a crime, and the only thing which is worse is the buying of them.

But we must close our paper. We have spoken with openness of the faults which we find in Professor Ruskin's work, and it has been difficult to assume the critic; for our own gratitude to him has been and is so deep, and we are so persuaded of the influence for good which he has had on England, that blame had to become as great a duty as praise before we could express it. And even in the midst of our blame, we felt the blessing of contact with a person of a strong individuality, the pleasure of meeting in the middle of a number of writers cut out after the same pattern, with one who cuts out his own pattern and alters it year by year. His theories may, many of them, be absurd, but we may well put up with the absurdity of some for the sake of the excellence of others, more especially for the sake of the careful work which hangs on to them and can be considered apart from them. We should be dismayed to lose the most original man in England. It is quite an infinite refreshment to come across a person who can gravely propose to banish from England all manufactories which require the use of fire, who has the quiet audacity to contradict himself in the face of all the reviewers, and who spins his web of fancies and thoughts without caring a straw what the world thinks of them. The good which a

man of so marked an originality does to us all is great, if it is provoking; and we had rather possess him with his errors than a hundred steady-going writers who can give solemn reasons for all they say. The intellectual excitement which he awakens, the delight and anger which he kindles in opposite characters, and the way in which his words create a stir of debate, mark the man of genius whose mistakes are often as good as other persons' victories, and who from this very quality of individuality, united to the personal attractiveness of his simple and sympathetic humanity, is calculated to be of great and lasting good to Oxford.

We have read many lectures on Art Subjects, many books on Art Criticism. They have their merits, merits which Mr. Ruskin's work does not possess. They are formal, easily understood, carefully arranged; all scattered thought, or impetuous fancy, or wild theory is banished from their pages. We walk through a cultivated garden, the beds are trimly laid down, the paths are neat and straight, the grass is closely shaven, the trees are trees of culture, the very limes on the edge are kept

in order, and walls surround it on all sides. At last, on the very outskirts of the garden, beyond the bounding wall, and looked down upon by a row of pert hollyhocks who have in the course of many seasons arrived at the power of producing double flowers in an artistic manner, we catch a glimpse of a wild bit of grassy land, full of grey boulders and some noble trees growing as they like it, and below a brook chattering pleasantly over the stones. Every flower of the field blooms here and runs in and out among the rocks and roots after its own sweet will. The woodbine, the wild rose sprays, the ivy and moss, play the maddest and the prettiest pranks by the brook-side. The sky is blue above, with a world of drifting clouds, and the ground below is a mystery of light and colour. It is true there are burnt spaces of grass and here there, and clusters of weeds, and now and then a decayed tree stem; but for all that, when we see the pleasant place, we do not think twice about it, we forget our garden, we leap the wall — and we live far more than half of our art life with the books of Ruskin.

I ENTIRELY agree with those who say that men seldom, or ever, die prematurely of overwork. What they die of, is the want of prosperity in their work. It was a wonderfully shrewd saying, whoever said it, that we do not die of the work we do, but of that which we find we cannot do. Men die prematurely of chagrin. That word chagrin is a very remarkable word. The sound of it almost conveys the full meaning of it. And here I may venture to remark that there are no two words which signify the same thing exactly. There are no such things as synonyms. For example, in this present case, chagrin conveys much more than disappointment. You may be very much disappointed, yet take it very little to heart. Pope says —

"Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen."

Belinda might still have been delightful, if she had been disappointed only.

Chagrin is a lasting thing. It means that part of disappointment which touches ourselves, and respecting which we feel that we are the guilty parties. It is almost wonderful to see with what complacency men will bear the greatest sorrows and disappointments in the causing of which they feel that they have had no share. People do not cry much over an earthquake: they are not chagrined by its effects. In order to have a lasting chagrin, you must,

yourself, have been largely the cause of the disaster which afflicts you.

To end, by what I began by indicating, I contend that men die, when they die of any mental disease, not from overwork, but from the sense of failure in their work.

Arthur Helps.

ARTIFICIAL ULTRAMARINE. — THE mode of manufacturing the substance for the beautiful pigment obtained by the ancients from the lapis lazuli, or azure stone, was, says the *Scientific Review*, like many other great inventions, the result of accident. A German chemist, whilst experimenting with anhydrous sulphuric acid and sulphur, made the accidental discovery that an exquisite blue colour was produced. He came to the conclusion that the blue colour of the ultramarine was probably due to sulphur and sulphuric acid, and at once instituted some experiments with alumina, soda, sulphur, and sulphuric acid, and succeeded, after repeated failures, in actually imitating the precious stone. The artificial material is said to be successfully formed by evaporating 100 lbs. of a solution of sulphide of sodium mixed with 25 lbs. of dry china clay and 1-2 lb. of crystals of copperas; the dry mass is then heated in a muffle to a red heat, washed, and again heated.

CHAPTER XV.

FIRELIGHT CONFIDENCES.

TIME passed on. As the Squire and Mrs. Dimsdale grew older, Fernyhurst was not so cheerful as it used to be. Tom had taken a curacy in an outlying poor London district to learn his work, and his visits were short. Charlie was away on a long cruise. Hastings generally now by a sort of tacit understanding came down without his wife, who paid her visits to her own people at the same time, which it is to be feared was looked upon by her husband as a double advantage.

When she did appear with her two spoilt, ugly children the pleasure of the visit was not increased. One day the Squire openly remonstrated. "I can't stand those children, May," said the old man; "you must manage to keep them up-stairs as much as you can when they're here. That boy's a perfect nuisance; he never says anything but 'I won't,' except when he says 'She shan't,' for the baby: and then they're so hideous!" It is a distressing fact that pretty children are suffered by public opinion to do things which in ugly ones cannot by any means be endured.

The cousinhood were sadly scattered: the Admiral had gone on a distant command; his constant wife had followed him with her little girls to Halifax, whence rumours of the conquests of the fair Milly arrived from time to time—the discomfiture of whole regiments of her Majesty's officers, both army and navy.

Clara Wilmot had married a neighbouring Squire. Her extreme fear of her mother had changed into a sort of jaunty indifference and compassion for Amy, who still remained the *souffre douleur* at home, and to whom she was always recommending rebellion. One day she had driven over to Brickwall, and was having a little talk with Amy in the garden as they paced up and down the terrace.

"I have a letter from Lionel by this mail," said she, "abusing me for not telling him more about May. He says his three years are almost up, and he wants, as usual, to hear what she is doing. I hoped he would have forgotten about her before this. She's not married, that is all the hope I can give him, and I'm afraid he'll take even that as encouragement."

"What's that you are saying about May?" said her mother, as they passed the book-room window, appearing unexpectedly, as was rather her wont. "I hope you're not getting up any absurd nonsense

about her with your brother. I know how perfectly he agreed with me in his opinion of her, for I spoke to him about it the very evening she was here last with him."

"Why, mamma," said Clara, bursting out laughing, "is it possible you haven't got farther than that? I remember asking him that same night what he meant by seeming to agree to your attacks on May, when I knew he thought so differently; and he said he'd only just nodded his head, and hadn't heard a word you'd been saying, he was so cut up by her refusal."

"Refused by May! he was a great deal too sensible to offer to her. I don't believe a word of it," said Lady Wilmot angrily, as she walked majestically away; and indeed it is much the best thing to be done: when facts are so impertinent as to refuse to obey infallibility, the only thing left to do is to ignore the facts altogether.

It was the more provoking, because the longer she thought of it the more convinced she was of the truth of Clara's words. It accounted for a number of little things which she had solved by systems as elaborate as Ptolemy's cycles and epicycles, and now came the "simplicity of the Copernican system," and explained them all. It did not annoy her the less—here had her three children been acting under her own eye in direct opposition to her expressed desires, and she had never found out anything that was going on. "May, too, of all people!" she repeated to herself. It was more convenient to complain of their duplicity than of her own blindness, which she did to her own perfect satisfaction. Clara was beyond her reach, and she was a little afraid of her daughter's tongue when they did meet, but she worried poor Amy to an almost intolerable degree. For the whole of the next week her aphorisms, and reflections, and axioms went on with remarkable vigour. "I might just as well be without a daughter at all," she ended one afternoon as she prepared to go out in the carriage.

"Shall you want me with you to-day, mamma?" said Amy gently.

"No, thank you," replied her mother loftily; "that sort of want of confidence is to me insufferable."

When she returned she found Amy, for a wonder, sitting idle in the dusk. "And that book I begged you to take to Mrs. Giles not gone!" said her mother with a certain pomp of displeasure.

"Mamma, Mr. Jones is come on a visit to the rectory, and he has just been here."

"What! you don't mean to say that tiresome man is come back!—not to stay,

"I hope?" replied Lady Wilmot with, however, only her normal ungraciousness and no suspicion of the state of the case.

"He came up here to ask me —" and Amy hesitated for a moment — "to ask me to marry him."

"Marry him! How excessively impertinent!" cried Lady Wilmot, rising up to her full breadth and height to express the size of her indignation. "What could he be thinking of? And I'm afraid, Amy, you're not to be trusted to make him feel how extremely unbecoming on his part it was to propose such a thing!" and her portly silks ruffled and rustled at the very idea.

"But, mamma," replied her daughter timidly, "I like him very much, and I accepted him."

"What!" said her mother, turning upon her with her stoniest glare, and a voice which would almost have annihilated Amy at another moment, and sunk her (morally) into the earth; but to-day she held her own in a way which surprised even herself.

"Yes, dear mother, it isn't anything new. I was very sorry when he went away last year without saying anything to me; he tells me it was because he was afraid you wouldn't listen to it, but now he's got a better curacy, and altogether —"

"Don't let me hear a word more about any such folly," replied Lady Wilmot, angrily going out of the room. Besides her annoyance at the thing itself, to be thus caught unprepared a second time within a week was too much for her composure. But the oracle was too summary to succeed even for Lady Wilmot, and Amy stood her ground with the sort of quiet, persistent resolution which very timid people sometimes show when they are driven to the wall. She said very little, but it was evident that her mother's arguments (for she had so far descended from her high horse as to condescend to argue) fell off from her like so much water.

"Very obstinate in choosing to make yourself a beggar!" said Lady Wilmot; and indignant at such extraordinary and unlooked-for insubordination, she made herself at last so unpleasant that Amy took refuge in a visit to Fernyhurst, offering herself nominally to assist in nursing Mrs. Dimsdale, who was more ill than usual, without giving any other reason.

"Clara's had a long letter from Lionel," said she the evening after her arrival, as the two girls sat over their fire at bedtime — May in a blue dressing-gown, Amy

in the now classical red flannel — brushing their hair; an operation supposed to be favourable to confidences.

"Tell me about him," said May rather sadly; "I have heard nothing for such a long while."

"His time will be up now very soon. He is doing extremely well — on the staff, you know. Mamma had such a pretty message about him from the General the other day through his wife (she's somehow a cousin of Clara's husband), saying how capitally Lionel did his work, and how much they all valued him. He inquired a great deal about you, May, and what you were doing." Then, after a long pause, "Do you never intend to marry, dear?" she went on, emboldened by the twilight, for May was proud and reticent on such matters, and it was a little difficult to enter upon them with her.

"I have not made any intentions about it; but marry is a verb which requires an accusative case. I have never seen mine, that's all."

"Are you quite sure you are not mistaken, May? You have a great deal of interest and sisterly feeling for Lionel: why should they not do as a good foundation for marriage?"

"No, I think not; the chances of jar are too many. The intercourse is too close for friendship. One must start with a hotter fire to weld two into one."

"And then, dear, are you not running the risk of having your heart turned out of house and home, as it were, towards the end of life — of starving? And may you not be sorry to have refused even half a loaf, though it be so really to you?"

"Amy, if I were to propose to you to eat your dinner now," said May, half laughing " (as we are on feeding metaphors), because you had a long journey to make, and you might be hungry before the end, you would say, 'I don't want it. I can't give myself an appetite; I should only have an indigestion.' I cannot give myself an appetite for what I do not want now. I cannot provide for unknown future wants. And I don't think I need starve at all; there are always plenty of sick and sorrowing and lonely people in the world for one's heart to find food among, if one tries. Single life may be like moonlight compared with a happy marriage, but also as bright moonlight to a foggy or stormy day compared with a great proportion of marriages."

"One requires so many qualities to be happy as a single woman," said Amy with a sigh.

"Not qualities, only the power of interest in other people and things, I think. Do you remember the manna in the wilderness? If you put by more than you wanted, it decayed. I always think there is a great truth in that. If you grasp after more sweet and pleasant things than you really want, if you 'put by' for future occasions, they perish away, and are of no use. Give us this day our daily bread of love as of everything else, that is happiness here. So now I have work enough and love enough to 'fulfil' me, as the Prayer-Book says, it cannot be right for me to grasp after more. 'Thou camest not to thy place by accident.' A single life of gossip and sourness is very horrible; but that is not necessary, is it?"

"A man shall forsake, &c., &c."

"Yes, it is a difficult thing to settle in one's own mind. I don't undertake the general question; but I cannot think it could be right to forsake positive present duties unless at a very evident and strong call of one's affections elsewhere."

"But then, May, you cannot judge for others. You have always had a career, as it were—strong interests, objects for warm affections, liberty to carry out your own thoughts, and fancies too."

"I dare say I haven't been half grateful enough for that," answered she, musing.

"But just think of the sort of vexatious interference which so many unmarried women have to endure! 'Oh, a girl ought to be willing to sacrifice her own pleasure to every one else's!' says the world; and so her whole life is cut up into little bits: she has not even the satisfaction of seeing the ruin of her own day of much use to any one else—she has spent a pound to benefit them to the extent of a shilling. 'The public good' which, I heard Mr. Scrope once say, everybody ought to work for, would have gained by her making herself as good a tool for good work as possible. I can do nothing well. I know nothing thoroughly. If I had my bread to earn, no one ought to employ me—and why? I sit down to work at something which interests me, and mamma calls me down to give out the sugar, or to write a note, or to listen to some stupid library book, which neither she nor I care about, but which 'must be sent on;' or I'm to drive regularly with her at half-past two, just when the class at the school begins, which I want to attend."

"Can't you change the time, dear?"

"No; for in the morning it is, 'Amy, run and see whether I have left my glasses up-stairs'—'My dear, go and speak to

Mrs. Carr about the butter'—'Don't be out of the way: I shall want you in half an hour.' It is not even as if I had the interest of the responsibility of the household; no, it is all because 'it is so good for me.' If a woman's life is to be one of perpetual interference, if her time must be at some one's beck and call, I had rather it should be a husband's. A wife has rights, at least, as well as duties, in the eyes of the world. She has but one master, at all events. Don't you know how you see 'girls' of forty ordered about, and everything settled for them as if they were babies? The other day, mamma consulted Clara as to whether some book was fit for me to read. I am two years older than Clara, and have thought, at least, as much as she has; but she's a married woman, and I am only a 'young lady.' I've accepted Mr. Jones, May," she ended abruptly.

"My dear Amy," cried May, jumping up and putting her arms round her cousin's neck, "how could you let me go on prying about marriages in this way when you had this great thing to tell me? Don't you know I care more about your private happiness than for all the general theories in the world?"

"Yes, but I wanted to hear what you would say."

"And you have seriously accepted him?"

"Yes, very seriously indeed; it is no laughing matter, for my mother is so angry that I don't know whether she will ever let me marry him if she can help it."

"Well, he's a good man," said May slowly.

"May, you must remember all people have not the capacity for happiness as you understand it. All that intellect, and breadth, and width, and height, and depth which you want, would be lost upon some of us."

"I didn't know you could be so sarcastic, Amy."

"Well, I don't feel like myself to-night. I am a voice crying wisdom in the wilderness, that nobody listens to, I dare say. What I mean is, 'each after his kind.' If you give a lion grain, or a cow meat, it will starve, though the food be the best of its sort. I am an exceedingly commonplace thrush; a very commonplace garden, with very ordinary trees, will make me quite happy, and make me sing a little tune of my own, and a pleasant tune too to some people." And poor Amy's eyes filled with tears.

"Dear Amy, you know no one loves and respects and values it more than I do,"

answered May, with another kiss. "I was only a little afraid whether Mr. Jones were quite worthy of his good fortune."

"When you come to know him better you won't think so," said Amy, with a smile and a tear and a blush. "You'll think I'm not nearly good enough for him."

"I wonder whether papa could get a Chancellor's living for him," said May thoughtfully, after being silent for a time, as she sat brooding over the fire, her long hair streaming over her in a cloud, and the tongs in her hands, as she made little spurts of light spring out of the wood. "He hates asking anybody for anything, but I know he would do it for you, dear, and that would make Aunt Wilmot perhaps more amenable."

"And I shall write to Lionel," said Amy, smiling, after another pause, "and tell him that at all events you have laid by no accumulation of manna for future days, and that you have a great idea of the virtue and necessity of being passionately in love. '*Petit poisson deviendra gros, et tout vient à point à qui sait attendre.*' How prettily you used to repeat that fable when Miss Edwards inflicted French punishments upon you!"

"You'd better not do any such thing, Amy," replied May anxiously. "*Il ne faut pas jouer avec le feu*," if you want a French proverb. I want to be friendly and sisterly with him. Why not? I can't bear the idea of losing his friendship, but I don't want any more."

"I don't much believe in those friendships being possible," said her cousin sceptically, as she took her candle and went off to bed with a very sisterly kiss.

CHAPTER XVI.

FALLING LEAVES.

It was a very trying year for May. One after another of her friends had dropped off in different directions. Her brothers and cousins were away. All the companions of her own age were scattered for one reason or another. Amy was as fond of her as ever, but the cares and anxieties of a small, poor parsonage are very engrossing, and it had become almost impossible, in the secluded life the old people now led at Fernyhurst, for May to form any new friendships.

The children of her sister were not very interesting, and as they grew up were more and more away, and the Seymours, though they came down once or twice in the year, hardly filled up the old gaps.

And death began to tell upon the few who remained in her daily life. Poor old Nursey was the first to go, that stout old heart, loving and tender and true, which had watched over her childhood and delighted in her youth. It is a tie which is not so strong now as of old. The interval between classes is less, but the separation greater. May was with her at twelve o'clock at night, and her last words, in the vigorous tone of her old commands, as if her nursling was still a child, were, "Don't you be a-setting fire to your sleeves, dear child, with that there candle as you go down-stairs."

By morning she was dead, and May sorely missed the constant and warm affection which never failed. There is something in the feeling towards you of the elders who have known you and been kind to you from childhood which nothing can ever replace. "*Je l'aime parceque c'est lui*," not for your talents or your virtues, or your position, but because "you are you"—a loving pride in your successes and your merits, a tender shade thrown over your faults. We never value the feeling, however, at its full worth till it has passed away, and we find ourselves in the hard outer world judged rigorously by what we are worth, and even that grudgingly allowed.

"May, you don't look well," said Tom on one of his now rare and rapid visits. "I shall make Cecilia ask you up to London for a little. You ought to have a change for a time; oughtn't she, papa?"

Accordingly, when the invitation arrived soon after, her father insisted on her accepting it.

Mrs. Dimsdale had been ailing for so many years that May had no feeling about leaving her for a short time, and she was enjoying her unwonted holiday when a sudden summons arrived from Fernyhurst. Her mother was dying, and before she could reach home all was over. It was a terrible shock to her, and though she was in no wise to blame, her conscience reproached her bitterly for having been away. Conscience is an excellent constitutional sovereign, under the checks of common sense and comparison of duties, but if ever it is allowed despotic rule it is often guilty of horrible tyranny. May was harassed and tormented in a merciless way by hers, until Tom's straightforward, downright query one day, "Why, one would fancy that you thought your being here would have kept my mother alive, May: surely we haven't the reins of Providence in our hands in this way," luckily

brought her humility to the rescue, and "shunted" her mind on a different rail, as it were.

The Squire felt the loss extremely. He and his wife had not been very congenial in their tastes, but they had a deep quiet fund of affection for each other; and the companion of so many years could not be lost without an aching void. The ailing, dim life of later days was lost to his recollections, and the earlier and brighter image of the beautiful young wife by whose side he had passed through so many joys and sorrows was the only one which remained.

As often happens when a number of contemporaries have grown old together, and fall like one ripe shock of corn after another at time of harvest, another loss was not long in following.

"I am afraid Mr. Drayton is failing fast," said the Squire sadly one day. "He told me he wasn't up to walking home with me from church this afternoon, the first time almost for above thirty years. 'Et nigra vesti senescans,' he ended with a deep sigh. 'It's well we haven't long to wait down here anyhow, and least of all for me.'"

It was not very long before Tom succeeded to the vacant post.

It was an interest and occupation, though a sad one, for the old man to get the Rectory into exquisite order for his son, and he used almost daily to go down there on his white pony at a foot's pace with May generally by his side.

"It's rather slow work old Deedes being the head carpenter, isn't it?" said Tom one day a little impatiently. "He told me himself to-day that he was seventy-three."

"You don't mean to say that you'd have me discharge Deedes?" said his father, in the tone of utter surprise he might have used if he had been asked to divorce his wife. "Why, he has worked on the place for fifty years. He can do as good a day's work now as anybody — quietly you know, if he isn't hurried."

Live and let live, was the law at Fernyhurst. When existence depends upon under-selling your neighbour three farthings upon fifty lbs., there is no room to care for an old man's feelings; but the grinding up of men's lives in the machinery of competition has not yet taken possession of such old country homes in England: there is still a place left for old trees and old men.

During the interval Tom went on living at the great house once more among his own people.

"Curiously like and unlike to old days," said May, smiling to herself. She found that she had to learn her brother over again; it is very different having a man, even a brother, as a guest and as a permanent resident. He was more difficult to live with than her father. Youth is intolerant and self-involved; both sympathy and many-sided interests come generally later in life. Tom, like most young men, too, pursued his own moods without the least calculating their effect outside. He had that curious want of power of distinguishing between bodily and mental sensations — the depression arising from the heart or from the stomach. A woman is more accustomed to analyze her own emotions; and moreover, if she were to be cross every time she is sick, life would become unendurable to herself and others. The most experienced mother or sister, however, will be often utterly perplexed at first sight to determine, when a man comes in at night, whether his deep depression arises from his having lost his whole fortune or waited too long for dinner; whether he has heard suddenly of the death of what he loves best, or got a fit of the toothache. On the other hand, the fit goes off as quickly as it comes. After he has comforted his soul with savoury meat, or his aches by their proper relief, he becomes as cheerful as ever, and perfectly unconscious that he has ever been otherwise.

"What made you so low, dear, when you came in to-night?" said May a little uneasily at first, after the fashion of womankind.

"Low, my dear! I wasn't a bit low. What fancies you take!" said Tom, after the fashion of mankind.

He was a good son and a good brother on the whole, very anxious to do his duty, but a little bit inclined, with the extreme good sense of the family, to lecture his father and sister, who were idealists very unlike himself in many matters. It was a great pleasure to May to have him once more at home as of old, — she was exceedingly fond of him, — but somehow, as life went on, they had become less and less intimate. He generally misunderstood her; and though she sometimes felt the want of the society of people of her own age, there were many things which she would talk of more readily, in which she could sympathize more warmly with her father, who was indeed far younger than any of his sons.

Tom had made up his opinions into bundles early in life, and tied them with red

or other tape, and as for the new facts and opinions which life might produce, if his arrangements were symmetrical, and his scheme of thought perfect without them, what was the use of bothering oneself by altering them? while his father, with ever new sympathy for the true, wherever it was to be found, followed it out, regardless into what difficulties the chase might lead him, "as a hawk follows his sport; at full speed, straightforwards, looking only upwards." The Squire's was the theoretic mind, always striving to find the reason why, to get at the root of the matter, apt at seeing the many sides of a question—too much so, perhaps, for carrying out his thought into practice, too far-seeing to care much for the immediate small gains which the present gives alone; Tom's, the practical limited intelligence which does what it has to do, minds its own little bit of good, mends its own bit of road, without troubling about its relation to any larger horizon, never dreaming of inventing a new or shorter line to its object. It is the conservative product of an old and settled civilization, "*Ali al cuor*" is the motto of the first class; "*Stare super antiquas vias*:" of the other, and "both's best," as the children say: for the benefit of the world both characters are necessary. Only, as we shall never want a superabundance of the second in England, the first may be cultivated without any danger of superfluity in our climate.

CHAPTER XVII.

EDB AFTER THE TIDE.

As the months went on Mr. Dimsdale himself become more and more infirm, and was often confined to the house for days together. Tom had taken possession of his new home, but was constantly in and out of Fernyhurst, companionizing his father, which generally included a certain amount of newspaper reading. Railways were still new enough to be subjects of interest, and one day he began upon a paragraph concerning "another railroad accident."

"Listen, May, here's a pretty story for you: 'On the newly-opened line at — Station a little child slipped off upon the rails just as the luggage train came up, which did not stop there; a gentleman present sprang down, flung the child into the arms of the mother, who stood wringing her hands on the platform, and, there being no time to get up again, threw himself down between the wall and the line, and let the train pass over him, the iron steps slightly grazing his shoulder. When

he reappeared in safety there was a general cheer, but he retired before we (the reporter) could catch his name.'"

"What a fine fellow!" cried May enthusiastically, "how I should like to know who it was!"

"Hullo!" said Tom, as he looked over the paper next day, "here's a letter about the 'heroic action related,' &c. 'Courage, self-devotion'—all the rest of it, 'eye-witness,' &c., 'Mr. Walter Scrope, Barrister-at-Law!' So it was old Walter after all! run to ground, poor fellow, when he thought he had got off so neatly. Well, May, you were all in admiration yesterday. You think so little of Scrope, that I suppose now you'll declare it was a commonplace action, which everybody would do."

"Certainly," said May with a smile, taking up the paper, though, as there was nothing to be seen in it but the penny-a-liner's very indifferent remarks, it might be to "give herself a countenance." In a few minutes she got up and left the room.

"I'm sorry to have lost sight of that young fellow," said Mr. Dimsdale drowsily, not very distinctly remembering the "passage" between Scrope and May. "I wish he would come down here again." Then soon after, "Why don't you go on reading, Tom?" he went on a little impatiently. Whereupon his son "took a header" immediately, as he told his sister afterwards, and read virtuously straight on, leaders, correspondence, foreign affairs and all; after which his father fell asleep, and he went in search of his sister.

She was not to be found in the house, and he followed her into the garden. It was a sad autumn day, with a damp cold wind blowing the dead leaves about hither and thither:

"Yellow and black, and hectic pale and red,
Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,"

as she repeated to herself. She was getting her allowance of air, without leaving her father too long, not over-cheerfully, in a somewhat dreary constitutional duty walk.

"Well," said her brother, coming up behind her, "I'm so glad that it was dear old Scrope. I'm glad there's come an opening, a loophole—though it's a very little one—through which the world can see what a gallant fellow he is, eating his heart out in those musty chambers, failing, and struggling, and fighting with life as he is doing, with such powers as his, when he

ought to be the head of everything if he had his due. I hate success!" and he vented his wrath on a very beautiful red-spotted fungus which came in his path, and kicked it a long way as he spoke.

"You usen't always to think so," said May, smiling, as she remembered their old fights.

"Well, but now I see what a fine time the idiots have of it in this world in most professions. Do you remember Walter said that men get success if they care for it more than for their liberty or their conscience, and that it was the lowest test you could apply to a man or a cause? I'm sure I never could understand why he didn't succeed with you, May. I should like to know what you refused him for—you *must* have thought very well of him."

"Yes, I thought very well of him."

"And you liked him?"

"Yes, I liked him, but not in that way."

"Not in what way?"

"Tom, I can't have you cross-examining me so. One may think very highly of a man, and yet he may not be to one's taste to marry; one can't command one's love."

"One's taste, one's love!" answered Tom angrily. "And I should like to know what one's taste and one's love are to be based on! Here was one of the finest fellows in England, head of the Harrow eleven, stroke oar on the river,—you laugh, May; you don't think much of that, but a man's a good deal more of a man, even you'll allow, for it," he added parenthetically, returning to his boy notions,—"*who* did very well at college, with as good a head-piece and as warm a heart as lives, wants to marry a girl, and she knows that she makes him miserable year after year, and then she says he isn't to her taste! So much the worse for her taste, I say. I'd rather have had that man in the family than have been made Archbishop of Canterbury!" And though the world might think honest Tom not a likely candidate for the office, the wish expressed a very true and heartfelt reverence for excellence quite worth winning. "But it's no use talking, he's forgotten all about it now, I fancy; he said he couldn't come here for Christmas when I last saw him in town, and never so much as asked after you. Well, I must get off home, I suppose, for there's old Marty sick, and I ought to see him before night;" and with a parting kick at the leaves and funguses, he disappeared at a long stride.

May went silently on with her walk. There was a certain amount of truth in Tom's reproaches. In the heyday of her

girl expectancies, in that full belief in heroes with which a true woman starts in life, she had thrown from her what she knew was a very true, deep, earnest affection from a man whom she respected, whose character stood very high, honourable, high-minded, unselfish, with good abilities, though she did not rank them so high as Tom did,—and why? She could hardly explain to herself why. "He had not pleased her taste." What was her taste? She liked the same books as he did; she had often been startled to hear him utter in words the same thoughts which she herself had been thinking. Then what were her reasons? He had little faults of manner, he contradicted, he was rather rough; he was very thoughtful in great things, he would make painful sacrifices and take trouble for other people that few would go through, but he was not considerate in little matters ("and trifles make the sum of human life," said May, musing to herself); he had not sufficient imagination to put himself in the place of others; he would bruise small feelings because he did not know that they were there; besides, he offended her sometimes with his pieces of democracy and a certain bluntness about art. Moreover, he was not only plain (May would have scorned to regard this), but he was uncouth in his look and manner. This was the amount of his shortcomings. She could find no others even after much search; still, as these things were so, he would not have made her happy, and she knew that she was quite right to have refused him, the which she proved to herself most satisfactorily several times.

Why, then, when she reached the other end of the walk had she to begin proving it all over again, and indeed many times over afterwards?

The fact was, as the years had run on, she had seen many men and much love-making with herself and others, and had found out that true, earnest, faithful love does not hang on every bush for the picking; and that high-minded, clever, good men, either with or without faults of manner, are not found at every turn of the road of life. She had had her choice of two very different natures, and had refused both. She had been grand, and declared to herself that she did not want to marry. If she met the archangel Gabriel, well and good; not else. There is such a luxury of affection, and everything else, in extreme youth, that it throws aside as commonplace what no comparison has taught it to prize. Few minds can meas-

ure the value of that which they have always possessed, or conceive pain which they have never themselves experienced. She was beginning now to feel that true love was worth something even when not coming from the archangel in person. Two years are to a character what distance is to a view: the great points stand out, the small features disappear. There is much to be said against London as a city, but when seen from the top of St. Paul's, you become aware of its grandeur, and forget its æsthetic crimes. The saving of the child on the railway had brought Walter's good qualities vividly before her, and she thought tenderly of the affection, which is the next thing to thinking tenderly of the man. "However" (as she always ended her reflections), "he has most likely forgotten all about it by this time, as Tom says; and as for me, if ever —" — she could hardly yet face the idea of her father's death even in thought — "I am engaged to Tom, and shall go to him, and live with him till he marries."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WOMAN'S WORK.

SHE had repeated this, and a great deal more, many times to herself one evening about a week after. Tom was gone to dine and sleep at a neighbour's house. She had finished a game at piquet with her father, she had read till she was too tired to go on, and had then played him to sleep, sweet and low; and through it all the under-current of her thought had gone on. Under the farming talk, and the discussion of the soup and the politics and the *Edinburgh Review* — although she had forced herself to be interested in them all — there had run on the ceaseless questioning of herself, to which she got no very definite answer.

The piano stood in the corner of the dimly-lighted room. Hers was not "company play," but it helped her through many long evening hours. Her father liked nothing so well as little simple airs, what he called "warbling" on the piano; and she strayed from one plaintive folksong and ballad to a German chorus — music which they used to sing and play in the merry old times, till the ghosts of dead joys seemed to fill the room; and all the cheerful tones of the past, the absent, the estranged, the dead, came back upon her with a sort of passionate regret, after nothing in particular, but the "brave days of old" in general, till at last she could hardly bear her own memories, and she

turned to a grand "chaconne" of Jomelli's, and calmed herself with its simple, earnest, straightforward faith. "As is thy day, so shall thy strength be also," one phrase of the music seemed to say to her over and over again. And, soothed and comforted, she came back to the lighted circle near the fire, and took up her work again, and the "every day" closed in on her once more.

"Let me see, what were we reading, dear child?" said her father, waking up. "Oh, that review of the war in Hungary. I think it is almost time to go to bed. Are you near the end?" And May was satisfied; she knew that all had been right.

Still she felt keenly sometimes that her tastes were changing a good deal. She had reached the stage in woman's life when learning for learning's sake begins to flag. The love of acquiring knowledge is generally greater in young girls than in boys, but most women are taught that their education is ended as the real education of their brothers begins. A girl is fully launched in society at eighteen. A boy is just going to college. May had, luckily for her, not been properly "brought out;" she had been very little in London, and though she had seen a great deal of society in her father's house, yet it was in a simple, straightforward way which allowed the girl to develop according to her own nature, not other folk's fancies. But in a woman the appetite for mere facts generally dies out early. She does not often read beyond a certain point without some object. Solitary thought is rare in woman. The desire to give or to receive sympathy is the strongest part of her. She will study the driest possible subject to be of use to her father, her brother, or her husband, but as a general principle she will not make reading absolute, as it were, the object of her life, after five or six and twenty. The life of the intellect alone will never naturally be hers; she must live through her affections and her moral nature also. If life does not give her her ordinary food for these, if her parents are dead, and she is not married, she makes parents and children both to herself out of the sick and the poor and those who are afflicted, and it is a happy as well as useful life.

Whether married or single, however, joint action is what she is evidently fitted for by nature, by her lively sympathies and quick intuitions. There seems to be a woman's as well as a man's side in all great philanthropic work, which cannot be

thoroughly carried out, unless both can labour at it heartily together.

The silent share which women have contributed to men's intellectual work is taken by them in general, at present, as simply as that of the compositor or printer's devil and is never known except from a magnanimous man here and there, like Mr. Mill, too rich in ideas to grudge such acknowledgment. To take only a few of the instances in lately-published biographies. Many of the "*Lieder ohne Worte*" were composed by Fanny Mendelssohn, though at her own desire they all appeared under her brother's name; the assistance rendered by old Miss Herschel in her brother's calculations, and by Lady Hamilton and Mrs. Austen in the production of their husbands' works in metaphysics and jurisprudence; * the account given by M. Renan in a touching tribute to his sister's memory of the help he received from her—these are instances from the most opposite poles of thought, taste, and powers.

Again, that a large share of the higher moral and ideal work of the world may fairly be taken by woman is shown by the fact that, though the male and female population are nearly equal in number, the crimes committed by the former are nearly five times as numerous.

Mr. F. Newman "admires the instinct which made the old Germans regard woman as penetrating nearer to the mind of God than the man does." The idea of old Alruna women, the Sibyls, the Hebrew prophetesses, all point to the same function to be performed by women, *i.e.*, the preservation of the ideal, of the higher moral sense of the world. How often a man is heard to complain when a woman proposes to carry out some moral principle into action—"You are not practical! If you had the responsibility of doing it yourself, you would soon give it up." Whereas, according to this view, she is fulfilling her vocation, striking the key-note, sounding the pitch, as it were, ascertaining the degree to which common life is out of tune—the distance at which practice lingers behind absolute right. Women would then contribute something of that ideal part which the Germans are said to give to the intellect of the world. Even as it is, *Egeria* is the poetic form of many a prosaic reality.

Through all phases of persecution, Pagan, Catholic, and Protestant alike, women have never been found wanting. They can show a full share of martyrs for all causes, for all faiths—even in political questions, for which they are generally supposed not to care. It was observed in the French Revolution that the women suffered for their opinions as gallantly as the men, without ever for a moment putting forward their sex as a reason for exemption from death. A woman will stick to what she believes to be a principle most courageously; but from her poor education, the intense narrowness of her horizon, it is too often on some wretched little scruple, which she mistakes for it and dignifies with the name, that she wastes her energies. She worries her husband or her grown-up son for some silly little tithe of anise and cummin, while the weighty matters of God's great law of right and wrong are invisible and uninteresting because unknown in her poor, loving, short-sighted eyes. Yet a high-minded woman is generally less drawn aside by worldly consideration than a high-minded man. They are more willing to make quiet every-day sacrifices, to endure for righteousness' sake.

The power wielded by women, from the lowest to the highest, is at present so great that if men at all realized its extent, they would for their own purposes insist on their being better qualified to use it. Among the cottagers it is the woman who makes those marvellous calculations by which a whole family is fed and clothed per week out of the cost of a gentleman's single dinner. "I'll ask my missus" is no form of speech in a class which never stands upon compliments, but plain truth; the domestic rule does lie in the hands of the missis. And in the upper class the welfare of the household and of the children, up to eight or nine years of age, is almost exclusively with her. Indeed, if any man will candidly confess to himself the amount of influence which has been exercised over his life, at all ages, by women old and young, he will be almost appalled by the manner in which these potent beings have, for the most part, been left to pick up what education they could from an ignorant governess or an indifferent school; while their ideas of right and wrong, of religion and morality, have been generally obtained by being carefully kept from hearing that there is another side to any question. Whereas their brains being larger *in proportion* to their bodies than those of men, and their temperaments

* The *Edinburgh Review* says, "We are in truth indebted to these two ladies that the most profound and abstruse discussions on law and metaphysics which have appeared in our time became accessible and intelligible to the public."

more sensitive, they require good education for their guidance even more than they.

May, however, had suffered neither by the neglect nor the distortion of her life; it had been a full, a useful, and a loving one. But the high tide of occupation, influence, and affection was now slipping fast away from her. There was a blank more or less before her in the future, to which it was, however, no use to look forward, only to work on in trust.

CHAPTER XIX.

A "MARIAGE DE RAISON."

THE next day Tom appeared in the afternoon to sit with his father as usual. "I want to speak to you, May, as soon as I've done reading," said he, in a whisper, behind the broad sheet of the *Times*. "Go into the yew-tree walk and wait for me."

"Has he anything to tell me about Walter Scrope?" said May to herself as she put a bunch of late roses into a vase for her father's room. He scarcely knew one flower from another, but he liked the feeling of care implied by the act, and the sense of art and love of colour were gratified; it pleases the eye and varies the thought of the sick even when they are unconscious of it. Presently she heard Tom's rapid stride, and he had taken hold of her arm almost before she had got down the garden steps.

"I found the Longmores staying at Stapleton, May," said he.

"So you told us," she answered rather wearily. "I believe they have felt Mr. Drayton's death very much, but they really do —" Before, however, she could finish her sentence Tom went on —

"You know, May, it is very dull living in that house all alone, and there ought to be somebody to look after the schools and the old women now you're so shut up; and altogether . . . you see — I've asked Sophia to marry me.

"Sophia Longmore!" cried she in blank dismay.

"Yes, Sophia. Why not? I thought you'd be so pleased. She's a good girl, and she's very nice-looking and like a lady, and she'll have the ten thousand pounds which Mr. Drayton left them."

This was all true in a certain sense. There was no doubt that she had at least these three excellent qualities, but her head and heart were both of them narrow and small; and May knew that she would

drag down her brother instead of raising him.

"I'm sure I care for nothing but your happiness, Tom, and if she makes it, I shall be glad with all my heart. But it was a little sudden. I was rather startled. We had always talked of living together," said she, with an anxious attempt at a smile.

"Well," cried Tom impatiently, in a somewhat aggrieved tone, "and so we shall; and a great deal happier you will be with such a companion and friend. You wouldn't have liked at all to be tied always to me; besides I don't want you to be an old maid."

And the excellent Tom had almost persuaded himself, as he spoke, that he was marrying at a great personal sacrifice purely for the advantage of giving his sister a home.

"Tell me about it, dear," said May more cheerfully, pressing his arm and feeling that she had received the communication a little ungraciously. "How did it all happen?"

She had always sincerely believed herself to be anxious for her brother's marriage, but somehow it is one of those things, charming in the abstract, which in the concrete are pretty nearly always, with the best intentions, sure to be a little distasteful and ill-timed.

His share of the performance was soon told, and May guessed the remainder pretty accurately. Mrs. Longmore had inquired tenderly after her "beloved brother's loved parish;" Sophia had followed it up more delicately. How did the dear little ones in the infant school go on, and how was old Betty Martin's bad leg? What a charming spot the Rectory was! Sophia did not believe that there was a more perfect place in England than her dear uncle's garden and lawn; and then she sighed, and said that she had not seen it since . . . till poor Tom, bewildered by his sudden conscientious conviction that the "dear little children" had been a good deal neglected since May was so much confined to her father's room, and knowing how much he was bored by Betty Martin's elaborate description of her woes, touched by the sadness depicted in the fair Peri's face shut outside her paradise, suddenly made up his mind, slept on it characteristically with his sensible temper, in order not to feel in too great a hurry — with the cautious manner some men have of doing rash things — eat his breakfast on it, proposed, and was rapturously accepted on the garden steps next morning before he started home.

"My darling child was born for a parish priestess," said Mrs. Longmore with a sob of delight; "and her uncle having left us his fortune, seems to make it so appropriate for her to live and do good in his own beloved parish; and my brother-in-law, the canon, has always said that there was no one better fitted . . . interesting duties connected . . ." Mrs Longmore's emo-

tions were of the most voluminous and gushing kind on this occasion.

"But I don't mean to marry her into the bargain, May, you may be very sure," said Tom one day in a sudden fit of decision.

May smiled her answer; it is more convenient when assent is all that is required, and you have not a very confident one to give.

ENGLISH malcontents, like those who sing the "Marseillaise" in Trafalgar-Square, and are greatly excited by the establishment of a Republican Government in France, would do well to clearly ascertain what are their real grievances. Do they lie in the form of government at present existing, or in the shortcomings of those who hold government? If we look to the sanitary condition and to the dwelling-houses of the poorer classes, to the adulteration of their food, to the tyranny and jobbery of local authorities, all arising from the muddle of our domestic legislation, we can well understand their dissatisfaction with their rulers; but if they are excited against the form of our government, it may be because they are led away by political terms applied without distinction to Governments differing from each other very much indeed. It is, perhaps, unfortunate, remarked the late Sir George Lewis, that usage had sanctioned the extension of the term monarchy to all States in which a king is chief—in other words, has identified monarchy with royalty; for, as the mind, even of the most careful, is insensibly influenced by words, the idea is naturally suggested that there is a greater affinity between a commonwealth with a king and a genuine monarchy than between a commonwealth with a king and a commonwealth with a chief elected for a term of years. The difference between a State in which one person has the whole sovereignty and a State in which the legislative sovereignty is shared among a large number, of whom many are chosen by popular election, is immense. The maxims and acts of the two Governments and their influence on the community must be most dissimilar. But when we compare a Royal commonwealth with a commonwealth not Royal (or, in common language, a limited monarchy with a republic) the principal difference is that in one the chief is hereditary and for life, in the other elective, either for life or for a term of years. It is not that the forms of government differ greatly, or the powers of a king, and of a president, doge, or stadtholder; but the manner in which those powers are acquired, and the time for which they endure. For instance, the Government of England resembles that of the United States of America (barring the differences caused by the nature of a federal union) far more nearly than

that of Austria or Russia. The representative franchise may be more extended, property may be more equally divided, in one State than in the other; but the principal difference in the construction of the sovereign power is that in one State the chief is determined by election, in the other by inheritance; that in one State the office lasts for life, in the other only for a limited time. Yet Austria, Russia and England are generally classed together as monarchies, and together opposed to the United States as a republic. Monarchical institutions in a limited monarchy are also frequently opposed to republican institutions, and the two are considered as incompatible. If at the Revolution the name of the King of England as well as his power had been changed, but he had nevertheless exercised precisely the same influence in the constitution as the Crown has exercised since that time, the Government would have been called republican, instead of monarchical, although the only difference would have been in the name of the first person in the State. The professional agitator of course will not take the trouble to learn these things; they are worth consideration nevertheless.

Fall Mall Gazette.

This is said to be an age in which people are exceedingly averse from taking responsibility. Perhaps this statement is an exaggeration. Probably in all ages people were very much averse from taking responsibility. But still this aversion is likely to be greater in a thoughtful period, when men have found out how much there is to be said for every side of a question.

How comes it, then, that the fear of responsibility seems to have so little influence in restraining men from repeating injurious reports of others, for which they have really no ground but hearsay? Perhaps it would not be too much to say, that for one person in ten who would not invent a calumny, or knowingly add to it, there is not one in ten thousand who would hesitate to repeat it, without having the slightest real knowledge of the matter—not appreciating the responsibility they are thereby taking upon themselves.

Arthur Helps.

From Temple Bar.
THE BATTLE OF LEGNANO, A.D. 1176.

BY SIR EDWARD CREASY.

"THE Phoenix is a fable; but the resurrection of a people may be a reality." So in our own time wrote Guerazzo, one of those fervid Italian patriots, whom it was the fashion to listen to with praises for their eloquence, and with a secret smile at their visionary enthusiasm. Such, indeed, has been the manner, in which the world has regarded aspirations for the independence and the greatness of Italy, from the days of Rienzi and Petrarch down to those of Alfieri, Carlo Botta, and Monti. But now before our own eyes, those aspirations have been accomplished. The vision of four centuries has become a reality. There is a free and united Italy, complete in her independence and in her integrity; save that her old capital has not yet become her heart's core. But we know that this consummation can be no longer delayed. Even in this present month is ending the monstrous anomaly of Rome isolated in sacerdotal servitude under French patronage, while all else, from the Alps to Tarentum, is self-governed and free. Certainly, before a few months, probably before a few weeks, possibly before a few days have passed away, Rome and Romagna will be Italian and not Papal, so far at least as regards temporal dominion.

Even while deprived of her true capital, and while the natural centre of her national life has been clogged by anile pontifical despotism and foreign military force, the young kingdom of Italy has assumed and maintained a position of dignity and importance among the states of civilized Europe. If we predict for new Italy, when perfected and matured, a continuance and an increase of prosperity and power, we may do so on the authority not merely of enthusiasts and poets, who are apt "to mistake memories for hopes," but on the reasonings and calculations furnished by one who detested "Idéologues" of every kind; and who was always most austere practical when estimating the elements of political and military strength. This was the Emperor Napoleon, — Napoleon I., as he has been termed during the last twenty years, — Napoleon, the Napoleon, as his name will be emphasized for ages to come. In the Memoirs dictated by him at St. Helena, the narrative of his campaigns in Italy is prefaced by clear and full descriptions of the geography of the scenes of action: and, while giving those descriptions, the ex-Emperor entered into

the question of how far Italy is naturally adapted for being the country of a strong united nation; and also on the question of which of her cities is best adapted for being made the capital of the whole country.* Napoleon points out that the great defect in the geographical configuration of Italy consists in her length being too great in proportion to her breadth. This, in his judgment, has been a main cause of the calamities which she has endured, and of the subdivision of that beautiful country into a great number of weak states. He shows that a remedy for this evil may be found by Italy, if she devotes especial attention to her maritime resources, and makes herself a great naval power. In his deliberate opinion, notwithstanding the distinction that may be found between the north and south, Italy is essentially one sole nation. "The unity of manners, of language, of literature, must at some time — which sooner or later will arrive, — reunite finally all her inhabitants under one government." A primary condition for the continued existence of that government will be that it shall become a maritime power, so as to maintain "its supremacy over the adjacent islands, and to defend its coasts."† He adds in another passage the observation that — "No other part of Europe is situated in so advantageous a manner as the Italian peninsula for becoming a great maritime power." He points out the large amount of the sea-board of Italy and her islands, among which he justly classes Corsica and Sardinia, as well as Sicily. He dilates on the excellence of her numerous harbours, among which he specifies Genoa, Spezia, Naples, Palermo, Tarentum, and Venice. Of these, Spezia‡ should be her great war harbour for commanding the Ligurian seas; Tarentum for commanding Sicily, Greece, the Levant, and the coasts of Syria and Egypt.§

On the question of which city ought to be made the capital of the expected king-

* See, in *Commentaires de Napoleon Premier*, Tome I., p. 126 (Imperial edition of 1833) the sixth section of the "Description d'Italie."

† "L'Italie est une seule nation. L'unité de mœurs, de langage, de littérature, doit, dans un avenir plus ou moins éloigné, réunir enfin ses habitants sous un seul gouvernement. Pour exister, la première condition de cette monarchie sera d'être puissance maritime, afin de maintenir la suprématie sur ses îles et de défendre ses côtes." — *Napoleon's Commentaires*, Tome I., p. 127.

‡ "La Spezia est le plus beau port de l'univers; sa rade est même supérieure à celle de Toulon: sa défense par terre et par mer est facile." — *Ibid.*, p. 131.

§ "Tarente est merveilleusement située pour dominer la Sicile, la Grèce, le Levant, et les côtes d'Égypte, et de Syrie." — *Ibid.*, p. 131.

dom of united Italy, Napoleon considers the rival claims of Venice and of Rome, and decides in favour of the ancient Imperial city. He gives it as his opinion that "Rome is incontestably the capital which the Italians will one day choose."* That "one day" will probably have arrived before the words, which I copy, meet the reader's eye.

The advantages, which Italy possesses for becoming a great maritime power, have been greatly increased since the time when Napoleon wrote his Commentaries. The opening of the Suez Canal will soon cause the greater part of the commerce between the Far East and Europe to resume its ancient course up the Red Sea and across Egypt to the ports of the Mediterranean. The Italian Peninsula, which stretches down from the mass of the continent of Europe across the centre of the Mediterranean, has the best possible geographical position for becoming the chief depôt of that commerce. Oriental trade was, in fact, the main source of the wealth and the naval renown of Venice, Genoa, and the other maritime Italian States of the Middle Ages, before the voyages, which the Portuguese made round the Cape of Good Hope to India. The old line of traffic across part of Egypt or Asia was necessarily a mixed system, in which land carriage as well as water carriage was employed. That mixed overland system of commerce could not compete with the line of traffic opened by the Portuguese, in which cargoes were taken by the sea and in the same vessels from one terminus of the whole journey to the other. The trade with the south-eastern parts of the world passed accordingly from the hands of Italian mariners and merchants to those of the adventurers of Lisbon, and subsequently to those of the Dutch and the English, who, after the Portuguese, applied themselves to commercial navigation round Africa to India. But now the old direct line is open by water from beginning to end. Merchant ships are already beginning to crowd along the Suez Canal to and from the chief ports, not only of the Indian and Chinese, but also of the Australian territories. A truly golden opportunity is offered to the new Italian kingdom for reviving commercial wealth and naval strength, in a degree tenfold greater than Venice, Genoa, and Pisa ever possessed them in the days of their very palmiest splendour. Lesseps has restored what

Vasco de Gama took away; and the Italians, if they are wise, will have most reason of all European nations, to hail with gratitude the results of the genius and perseverance of the great Franco-Egyptian engineer.

No sane man expects that the world will ever see again a conquering and ambitiously aggressive Italy, such as she was, when the old Roman legions subdued and crushed all the once independent nations, whose homes were around or near to the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea. What we hope to behold, is an Italy with the civilization, the wealth, the splendour in art and science, the agricultural and commercial prosperity, which some of her States attained four centuries ago; and which, in the judgment of nearly the highest modern authority, have scarcely ever or anywhere been surpassed or even equalled.* We wish the peaceful glories of Mediæval Italy to be restored, with the addition of a strong central government, beneath which her combined resources shall be secure against attacks from either Gaul or Germany, and which shall prevent the growth of the civil wars and dissensions which were the bane of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages. Long as those free States have fallen, deeply as their populations have been down-trodden, it is still to them that the possibility of a great Modern Italy is due. They, during the centuries in which they flourished, exercised an influence on the progress of the human race which is imperishable. This brilliant period of Italian freedom commenced with the successful resistance which the Lombard free cities made to the arms of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, when they defeated him at Legnano in 1176. It closes with the capitulation of Florence to the army of the Emperor Charles V. in 1530.†

The recollections of it have been imper-

* "We doubt whether any country of Europe, our own excepted, has even at the present time, reached so high a point of wealth and civilization as some parts of Italy had attained four centuries ago."—Macaulay's "Essay on Machiavelli."

† Sismondi thus epitomizes the growth, the splendour, and the decline of the Free Italian Nation of the Middle Ages:—"Les dix premiers siècles qui s'écoulerent depuis le renversement de l'Empire d'occident, préparèrent, par le mélange des peuples barbares avec les peuples dégénérés de l'Italie la nation nouvelle qui devoit succéder aux Romains. Dans le douzième siècle cette nation conquit sa liberté; elle en jouit dans le treizième et le quatorzième en y joignant tous les triomphes des vertus, des talents, des arts, de la philosophie et du goût; elle la laissa se corrompre dans le quinzième, et elle perdit en même temps son ancienne vigueur. Pres d'un demi-siècle d'une guerre effroyable détruisit alors sa prospérité, anéantit ses moyens de défense, et lui ravit enfin son indépendance."

* "Rome est, sans contredit, la capitale, que les Italiens choisirent un jour."—Napoleon's *Commentaires*, Tome I., p. 129.

ishable among the Italians, and have kept alive those qualities, which Byron pointed out as their national characteristics, when he wrote of them that "the man must be wilfully blind or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word is admissible, their *capabilities*, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty; and amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and despair of ages, their still unquenched 'longing after immortality,' the immortality of independence."*

This last mentioned quality is even a better guarantor for the revival of their national greatness, than the unity of manners, language, and literature, on which Napoleon relied, when he foretold the consolidation of Italy and her elevation to the rank of an important European power. And it was this same longing for independence which caused the first formation of the mediæval Lombard and Tuscan commonwealths, and which inspired their glorious resistance to the frequent attempts made by the German Emperors to reduce them to servitude.

The cities of Northern Italy had emerged gradually, during the eleventh century, from the subjection, in which they had been held by Otho the Great, and his two imperial successors of the same name. The holy Roman Empire had fallen, after the death of Otho III., into confusion and comparative weakness. Its chiefs found full occupation in the wars and rebellions, that broke out northward of the Alps, and in their long-continued disputes with the Papacy. The Lombard cities were left generally to themselves; and, though they did not openly and avowedly renounce the sovereignty of the Emperor, they became, in practice, self-governed States. They chose their own magistrates; they raised and officered their own militia; they voted their own taxes; they administered their own revenue; they sent ambassadors to other States; they made treaties; they formed leagues, and waged wars, as they thought fit. One great object with them all was to get released from their liability to receive the Emperor and his troops within their walls when he visited Italy. So long as the Emperor retained, and from time to time exercised, the right of thus taking armed occupation, the citizens felt that they had no secure possession of their liberties.

* This passage is near the end of the Dedication of the Fourth Canto of "Childe Harold."

They, in most cases, obtained charters or pledges, by which their titular sovereigns were bound to take up their abode, not within the city walls, but in palaces provided for them outside the fortifications. The increase of population and of wealth in these civic commonwealths was rapid and continuous. They acquired full dominion over the territories near them; they subdued the feudal baronage; and they compelled the nobles to become members of the civic communities, and to reside for at least a specified part of the year within the walls. While the aristocracy was thus brought down to the middle-class level, much was done to raise the mass of the population to a better position, than was enjoyed by the lower orders in other parts of mediæval Europe. Slavery and serfdom were practically, though not formally, abolished by the Italian commonwealths, both within the towns, and among the rural populations of the circumjacent territories. The peasantry generally tilled the land on what is termed the Metayer system, under which the cultivator and the landowner divide the produce of the soil in agreed proportions. Within the towns manufactures flourished; and the artisans, by whose skilled labour the wealth of the States was principally created, were not only allowed to carry arms, but were carefully trained to the use of them; and they exercised all political rights, as freely and as fully as the greatest merchants and capitalists. Literature and the fine arts were cultivated by many, and were honoured by all. Public works of utility and ornament were undertaken and executed in a lofty and liberal spirit; such as at a later time was shown and nobly expressed by the people of Florence, who, when they determined to replace their old church of Santa Reparata with a new cathedral, ordered that the work should be executed with "supreme and free-handed magnificence." The decree states that the utmost grandeur and beauty shall be aimed at, because

"The most judicious in this city have pronounced the opinion, in public and in private conferences, that no work of the Commonwealth should be undertaken, unless the design be to make it correspond with a heart, which is of the greatest nature, because composed of the spirit of many citizens united together in one single will."*

The dark side of this brilliant picture of

* Cicognari, *Storia della Scultura*, II. 147, cited in the note to Mr. Norton's translation of the *Vita Nuova* of Dante.

Italy in the days of her mediæval republics is well-known. Hallam has said, too truly, that "Their love of freedom was alloyed by that restless spirit, from which a democracy is seldom exempt, of tyrannizing over weaker neighbours."* The strong cities coerced the smaller, as Athens of old coerced her subject-allies. The smaller sought safety, or more often revenge, by leaguings themselves with one strong city against another. Milan and Pavia were superior to all the other Lombard States in wealth and power. These two hated each other as rancorously as ancient Sparta, in the Peloponnesian War, hated Athens, or as old Rome, in Cato's time, hated Carthage. Milan was conspicuous for her democratic zeal, and for her haughty repudiation of almost every remnant of the old Imperial supremacy. Pavia was ready to adopt the policy most opposed to that of her rival; and, when the attempt was made in the middle of the twelfth century to enforce the long dormant claims of the German Cæsars over Italy, it was in Pavia that the Imperialists found their staunchest ally against her sister republics.

Frederick, Duke of Suabia, surnamed Barbarossa, was elected by the Diet at Frankfurt, in 1152, to be Cæsar Augustus, Head of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans. During the reign of his feeble predecessor, Conrad III., Germany had suffered grievously by the dissensions and civil wars of her princes; and the electors were determined that their common country should now have the benefit of a strong government. They chose, accordingly, the Duke of Suabia, then in the thirty-first year of his age, and already renowned not only for his personal valour and other accomplishments, but for his vigilant strictness in administering justice, and repressing disorder. These were indeed the characteristics of the Emperor Frederick I. throughout his long reign. He also entertained the loftiest ideas of the Imperial dignity which he had acquired. He was resolved to assert and to exercise in reality the full powers, which Charlemagne and the Othos had wielded to the south as well as to the north of the Alps. He considered (and many of the jurists, who now devoted themselves with zeal and honour to the revived study of the Roman law, upheld his opinion) that the rights of the sovereign head of the Roman Empire could never be lost, or waived by desuetude. He believed himself to be, of

right, absolute lord and master of Italy; and as soon as he had established temporary tranquillity in Germany, he prepared for the effective restoration of the Imperial authority in the Peninsula.

The Lombard cities, by their misconduct towards each other, gave Frederick specious reasons for interfering to check oppression, in addition to what he deemed the duty of vindicating the neglected majesty of the Empire.

The Milanese had reduced the people of the little commonwealth of Lodi to a state of subjection. The Lodésans implored protection and justice from the Emperor. Frederick sent a letter to the Milanese, commanding them to restore the people of Lodi to their ancient rights. The Milanese received Frederick's order with derision, and the Imperial despatch was publicly torn in their assembly. Frederick, in 1154, passed the Alps at the head of a powerful army; and he held a diet at Roncaglia, at which the deputies of all the Lombard cities, including Milan, attended and did homage. He was crowned with the iron crown of Lombardy at Pavia, and he then pressed forward upon Rome. Rome was at this time in the hands of a republican government, which was equally hostile to Pope and Emperor. Frederick crushed the Roman democrats, and was solemnly crowned Emperor by Pope Adrian. Disturbances in Germany made him recross the Alps, without pausing, on this occasion, to punish Milan; but he returned in 1158, and laid siege to that city, which had given him further cause of offence since 1154. Milan was starved into capitulation. Frederick now enforced his Imperial sovereignty throughout Lombardy in the most stern and arbitrary manner. The Milanese again took up arms, were again besieged, and were again compelled by famine to surrender. Frederick now levelled the rebellious city with the ground, and ordered its inhabitants to be dispersed among the villages of their territory. Awe-struck at this terrible example of Barbarossa's severity, the other Lombard states, that had formerly sided with Milan, now crouched submissively before the Emperor, while Pavia and the other old foes of Milan rejoiced over their enemy's downfall.

But Italian freedom was not yet annihilated. As Shelley has beautifully written,

" Its unwearied wings could fan
The quenchless ashes of Milan; "

or, we may adopt the almost equally poetic words of Hallam, and say that "there still

* Hallam, 1, "Middle Ages," 367. (Ed. 1868.)

remained at the heart of Lombardy the strong principle of national liberty, imperishable among the perishable armies of her patriots, inconsumable in the conflagration of her cities." The exiled and dispersed Milanese found shelter in the other Lombard States, even in the territories of those that had lately been hostile to Milan. The narrative which these refugees gave of their sufferings during the siege, of the profanation of holy places, and the demolition of architectural masterpieces by the besiegers, and of the oppressions practised on those, who, after the fall of their city, endeavoured to live as villagers in its territory, moved the compassion of every Italian who heard them. All, whether they professed Imperialism or the politics most opposed to it, felt and resented the coarse arrogance, with which the barbarous warriors from the north treated all natives of the Italian Peninsula. We may judge what the demeanour of the Emperor himself to the subject population must have been, from an anecdote, which has been preserved, respecting his mode of punishing one of his own German nobles who had offended him while in Italy. Barbarossa made Gebhard live chained under his table, like a dog, for three days. A common sense of suffering and of shame led, by degrees, all the Lombard States, except Pavia, to unite in a second League against the German despot's oppression. Fortunately for the confederates, Frederick was about this time involved in disputes with his great vassals northward of the Alps, and was thus prevented for several years from directing his full force against the malcontents in Italy. Even when he next appeared there at the head of an army, he was obliged to direct his march upon Rome, where both Pope and people were now hostile to him. He took the city; but the occupation of it proved fatal to his troops. The deadly effect of the autumnal climate of Rome upon Transalpinians was never more signally manifested. So rapid and fatal was the spread of the pestilence, that the Emperor was obliged to retire from Rome almost without attendants. He made his way through parts of the North Italian territories, where he knew that he was bitterly hated; and he returned to Germany as a baffled fugitive.

The Venetians now allied themselves with the Lombard cities; and Pope Alexander became the patron of the League. Milan was rebuilt, and its brave citizens again gathered together in their restored and reorganized commonwealth. Pavia still adhered to the party of the Emperor;

and his interests were also supported by the Marquis of Montferrat, the only one, among the old princes of Lombardy, who had retained substantial power. The confederate Lombards founded a new city (which they called Alessandria in honour of the Pope), in an advantageous situation for curbing their home-enemies, the Marquis of Montferrat and the Pavians. Frederick came with an army to aid his partisans, and he besieged Alessandria, but without success. Still the pride and determination of the German Emperor were not to be broken by reverses in operations against stone walls. Nothing short of a defeat in the open field could teach him that the Italians were formidable enemies, with whom he must make terms, and not mere civic rabble, whose rebellion could be easily trampled down, if they ventured on fair battle against the German chivalry. The needed lesson was given to him by the Milanese in 1176.

Early in that year it was known that the Emperor intended to make the territory of Milan the scene of his next campaign, and another siege of the city might be expected. The long resistance which the confederates had made to Frederick, and their success in several slight engagements with German forces, had now raised the martial spirit of the Lombards; and they determined to advance against the invaders, and to encounter them in a pitched battle. The Milanese made the greatest possible efforts to obtain success. They raised from among the best and bravest of the youth of their State two special troops of cavalry. One of these was called "The Cohort of Death." It consisted of 900 chosen men, who took an oath to die on the battle-field for their country rather than fly. The other troops formed the especial guard of the sacred car, the Carroccio, on which the great standard of the city was borne and displayed in action. The great mass of the population, that was capable of bearing arms, was arrayed in six battalions, each of the six wards of the city supplying a battalion under its own local officer. The Italian militia-men of those days were well armed. The greater number of them carried the pike, — that "queen of weapons for infantry," as the great Italian General, Montecuculi, in aftertimes termed it. Their defensive arms were helmet, shield, greaves, and gauntlets. Some companies carried halberds and cross-bows. The horse-soldiers wore a breastplate and a small shield, as well as the helmet, and defences for the arms and the legs.

The Emperor's army came down from the north upon the Milanese territory in May. His first operation was to besiege the castle of Legnano, which is about fifteen miles from Milan. The Milanese had not yet been joined by all the contingents of the confederate cities; but Placentia, Verona, Brescia, Novara, and Vercellæ had sent in some chosen squadrons; and with them the men of Milan determined to go forth and give battle. They marched along the road which leads from Milan to the Lago Maggiore, as far as Barano, where they halted, and sent a detachment of 700 cavalry forward to reconnoitre. The Emperor was aware of their approach, and led his army in order of battle towards them. He directed 300 of his horsemen to move in advance, followed by the mass of the German cavalry. It was on Saturday the 29th of May, 1176, that the battle of Legnano was fought.

The advanced bodies of horse of the two armies came suddenly upon each other near a small wood. The Italian 700 at first had the advantage; but, on the mass of the German horse coming forward to support their vanguard, the Italians were driven back; and, when the two main bodies of cavalry encountered, the Germans had the superiority, and at one time all the horse of the League, except the Cohort of the Standard and the Cohort of Death, were flying from the field. But the Lombard infantry stood firm, and Frederick's cavaliers strove in vain to break in upon the forest of pikes. Frederick led in person a charge against the part of the Lombard line, where the sacred car and the standard of Milan were posted. He cut through the Cohort of the Standard, and the foremost Imperialists almost grasped the Carroccio. At this crisis the Cohort of Death charged to the rescue, and beat back the seemingly victorious column of the Emperor. Frederick had the mortification of seeing his own imperial banner captured by those despised citizens of Milan; he was himself struck down; and he lay for a time helpless, but, fortunately for himself, unnoticed on the ground, while a squadron of Milanese cavalry rode almost over him. The Lombard horse, that had been defeated in the beginning of the action, rallied, and returned to the fight; and the arrival on the battle-field of a fresh body of the confederates turned the repulse of the Germans into total defeat. They fled in disorder, horse and foot blended together; and many of them perished in the waters of the Ticino, whither the victorious enemy pursued them. Their camp and military

stores all became the prize of the Lombards. It was for some time believed that Frederick had perished, but by the efforts of a devoted attendant, who remained near him when he fell, the Emperor was removed from the field in the night after the battle, and supported to the city of Pavia, which was still loyal to his cause.

The wisdom of Barbarossa now prevailed over his pride. He opened negotiations with his antagonists; and he first obtained a reconciliation with Pope Alexander. A truce of six years was agreed to between the Emperor and the Lombard cities; and ultimately the terms of pacification were arranged and solemnly ratified at the Diet of Constance in 1183. A pompous preamble set forth the Imperial dignity, and eulogized the calm serenity of the mercy, which he was showing to the Lombards, and the pious feeling of peacefulness, with which he received them back into the number of his loyal subjects. But while Caesar Augustus thus received abundance of empty praise, the solid advantages of the treaty were all on the side of the confederates. Their League was recognized by the Emperor, and they were authorized to renew it at their discretion. They were to take an oath of allegiance to the head of the Holy Roman Empire; but they were to retain all rights, and all authority, and dominion both over their city districts, and within their walls, which they could claim by usage. The right of levying armies, of erecting fortifications, of electing magistrates, and of full criminal and civil jurisdiction are especially mentioned, and confirmed to them. They were, in fact, though not in style, recognized as sovereign independent States; nor did Frederick through the remainder of his reign attempt any encroachment on the liberties which he thus acknowledged.

That the freedom which the Lombard Republics had thus nobly won, was ill-used and ill-preserved, is unhappily too true. But their enthusiastic patriotism, their enlightened appreciation of commercial grandeur, their still nobler readiness to pay due honour to intelligent industry, their love of literature, science, and art, were revived in a still higher degree, and long maintained by the sister-republics of Tuscany. This never could have been, if the Emperor had succeeded in crushing Italian freedom in the twelfth century. The success thus achieved by the Lombards ensured to the future benefit of their southern fellow-countrymen. The glories of Florence, as well as those of Milan, were established by the victory of Legnano.

From Saint Pauls Magazine.
THE DOWAGER COUNTESS.

PART II.

THE night of the Dowager Countess's grand rout was in future to be known as the night of "The Earthquake,"—or rather of the second shock; for a first agitation of the earth, so it was generally maintained,—had occurred exactly four weeks earlier in the year. The previous shock, however, had been of a very slight and unalarming nature in comparison with the severity,—or what terror magnified into the severity,—of the second upheaving. And now a prophetic cry of a very formidable kind rung forth: a most multitudinous echo, as it were, of the awe-stricken moans of Lady Dangerfield, as she lay swooning on the floor of her drawing-room. It was whispered faintly at first in dark corners and private places; presently it was shouted clamorously in the full face of day,—publicly proclaimed from the house-tops. The muttered suspicions of the quidnuncs became the confirmed and bruited conviction of the whole nation. "Beware of the third shock!" went the universal chorus. The second shock had been four weeks after the first: the third shock would for certain, it was predicted, be four weeks after the second. There was a chance that the interval might be a calendar, instead of a lunar, month. By which calculation the world's destruction would be deferred for some three days, perhaps; just as payment of a bill of exchange is not demandable until after the expiry of a certain term "of grace," as it is called. But more was not to be counted on. And the destruction of the world was certain, said the seers. The earthquake would gather force somewhat after a system of arithmetical progression. The second shock had been more violent than the first; the third would be so much more terrific than the second that it was vain to think of an afterwards in regard to it. None might hope to survive the direful calamity that was impending. "The globe has had notice to quit," said a wag at White's. "How are we to get post-chaises to another planet?" For there were people who could even crack jokes at such a crisis. But then there have always been callous and irreclaimable jesters. A book might be made of the "good things" uttered on the scaffold by the condemned in the presence of their doom. And in the instance under mention many of the jests, probably, proceeded from very quivering lips,—were but efforts to laugh away

alarms entertained by the jester quite as much as by any one else.

With all the exaggeration and extravagance that were rife, certain indisputable facts need to be strictly stated. There had been an earthquake. Of that there could be no question at all. "In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last," Mr. Walpole wrote to Sir Horace Mann, "the earth had a shivering fit between one and two. . . . I had been awake, and had scarcely dozed again,—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head. I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted nearly half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang the bell; my servant came in frightened out of his senses; in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up, and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done. There has been some: two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses." "The shock," says Smollett, who was in London at the time, "consisted of repeated vibrations, which lasted some seconds, and violently shook every house from top to bottom. Many persons started from their beds and ran to their windows in dismay." Abundant evidence of this kind could be adduced if it were necessary.

The Dowager Countess was very ill indeed after her rout, and its strange and sudden dispersion. Her sufferings were rather mental than physical, however. The doctors were called in, and with professional pertinacity endeavoured to minister to a mind diseased. Panic was the real name of the lady's complaint. It was hardly to be remedied by recourse to the most precious appliances of the Pharmacopæia. Her medical attendants bled the lady copiously. She was not much the better for the operation. Perhaps rather the worse.

Still she would not keep her room. She could hardly be prevailed upon to remain quiet for two minutes together. A feverish restlessness possessed her. She paced the floor; she sat down and rose up again; she wandered from room to room of her mansion. She ordered her coach; then countermanded the order; then ordered it again. She proceeded to Chelsea to listen to the preaching of Mr. Whitfield at the house of his chief patroness, my Lady Huntingdon. It had lately become the vogue to attend the ministrations of Mr. Whitfield. "That apostolic person," as

my Lord Bolingbroke had designated him, was now attracting even more crowded audiences than Mr. Garrick at Drury Lane. My Lord Chesterfield, my Lord Bath, my Lady Thanet, my Lady Townshend, and other of the most eminent personages of the time, had been to hear Mr. Whitfield. But what had been done from a perfunctory regard for the fashion in the first instance, was now performed out of pure fear. The destruction of the world being now so imminent,—as all the world declared it was,—it was deemed very advisable to be on good terms with Mr. Whitfield, who had long spoken of the approaching catastrophe openly and fearlessly, as though he possessed intimate acquaintance and relations with it. A sort of wild notion prevailed that the famous preacher might be able, if he chose to exert his influence, to secure for those who had notoriously shown themselves his friends and followers some special favour from the destroying angel.

Lady Dangerfield, however, did not derive much satisfaction from the discourse of Mr. Whitfield. He had been severely comminatory,—almost vindictively so, as she fancied. He had dealt out doom with a liberal hand to all classes alike. If anything, he had been more denunciatory of people in her ladyship's exalted position, than any other. She returned home trembling so that she could scarcely stand. She stripped off her finery, and attired herself in a sack of crape, but very slightly trimmed with bugles. She washed so much of the red paint from her cheeks, that she looked almost like a ghost of her former self.

Still her ladyship's temper was not much bettered, nor more than usually under control. The old Adam,—or perhaps we should rather say the old Eve,—was not eradicated. The Countess so far forgot herself as to swear at her maid, and she even attempted to elap Lady Barbara. It was but a feebly directed and palsied kind of blow, however. Bab had been able to avoid it without much difficulty. The granddaughter had suggested that certain of the Countess's male relations should be sent for, and had even been so amazingly indiscreet as to mention the name of Captain Brabazon. The grandmother's wrath had been excessive.

For Bab, she was terribly frightened, but in a vague, childish, unreasoning kind of way; rather because she saw those about her frightened, than that she could herself perceive any real cause for alarm. Indeed, she felt that earthquake or no

earthquake, if she could but have her swarthy cousin the Captain by her side, her fears would be greatly dissipated. But that was out of the question. Harry Brabazon was forbidden the house. And, as we have shown, she had been nearly slapped by her granddam for thoughtlessly letting fall his name.

In this regard, therefore, she felt very miserable, and much inclined to cry. And certainly the Countess's conduct was very trying. She scolded her grandchild and all about her on very slight occasion. She was so disturbed and discomfited herself that she seemed determined everybody else should be reduced to a like condition. She shivered with fear one moment, and the next was quivering with anger. She was now muttering prayers, and again she was screaming imprecations. She was now weak, now strong; now sick, now well again. She would sit down to cribbage quite quietly; then suddenly she would fiercely fling away the cards, and ring for her prayer-book or a volume of sermons. Poor, cowed, bewildered Bab was compelled to read aloud dry, if precious, pages of divinity until her voice died away in her throat from sheer exhaustion, or she was relieved from this task to take a hand at quadrille until her dimmed eyes could scarcely discern one card from another. It was noticeable that the Countess was never so urgent in her need of Tillotson's sermons as when the luck at cards had gone against her. Tillotson had been found with some difficulty by the Countess's librarian. The book was very dusty, and had not, it was clear, been removed from its shelf for a very considerable period,—fifty years, let us say. Lady Dangerfield's course of reading had not been wont to take a serious or devout direction. Now, however, nothing but sermons would content her; and she sent down to the kitchen a large stock of plays, novels, and frivolous literature, for the cook to light the fire with. She had no further need of the trash, she stated, and, indeed, loathed the very sight of it.

And yet it wanted some weeks of the time fixed for the third shock of the earthquake. Bab began to count and tell off the days, perhaps rather with hope than with dread. The Countess's conduct was becoming so unbearable. One by one the servants gave warning and quitted the house. They could not live, they alleged, with a lady who "went on" as the Dowager Countess had been going on. Their places were not filled up. What availed it to engage new attendants, to make any

sort of arrangements for a future on earth, when it was so manifest that in a very little while there would be no earth at all to speak of; or, at any rate, no soul alive upon it? Yet the Countess scolded her butler well, taxing him with ruinous extravagance, for having opened a bottle of her best Burgundy. She still wished it to be reserved for great festal occasions. Upon her own calculation there was not much time for them.

"Let the earthquake come then," thought Lady Bab, though in no very defined way; "at least, it will end this dreadful condition of things." For she felt, with the servants, that the Countess's goings on were more than could be borne. Only she longed to see Harry Brabazon again. And often her pretty, pale face was to be seen peering from the windows of the great house in St. James's Square, on the watch for that stalwart officer. She did not see him, however. He never came, or she was not at the window; was busy in obeying her grandmother's behests, when he happened to be passing. Once, indeed, she fancied she caught sight of a gentleman in a scarlet uniform quitting the square, who looked to possess something of the figure and bold bearing of the Captain. But she couldn't be sure about it. "Why did he not wait but a minute longer?" she asked herself. "Why isn't he more patient? And yet impatience seems to become a man somehow. I wouldn't have him different. But if he loves me,—as he says he does, and as I love him,—would he not wait and watch the windows for a little from the outside, as I watch from the in? I think he would. But if he'd only come back for a minute, I'd forgive him for not waiting. What could he do, indeed, that I couldn't forgive?"

Some things grow the stronger for being pruned and lopped. Bab's love for her cousin fed somehow upon her grandmother's opposition to it. The seeds of love had struck deep in her young heart, had thriven greatly, and promised to bear rich fruit in due season.

Once, moreover, it seemed to Bab she had heard her cousin's voice. She now occupied the chamber of the Countess, and passed many disturbed nights in attendance upon her aged and suffering relative. Early one morning she had been roused by a loud cry in the square without. It should have proceeded from the watchman; but the watchman's tones were harsher, huskier, by a great deal. "Past two o'clock, and an earthquaky

morning!" It was Harry's voice Bab felt convinced. There was a firm, military ring about it. She had heard the Captain command his company in the park, shouting in much the same way. "Past two o'clock, and an earthquaky morning!" The Dowager Countess heard the cry too, and groaned aloud, turning restlessly, and thumping her pillow in terrible perturbation of mind. "The third shock!" she cried.

But the four weeks had not yet expired.

VI.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the Dowager Countess was much more frightened than her neighbours. The alarm was general. It pervaded the whole social system, spreading from rank to rank rapidly and surely as an infectious malady. Indeed the doctors began to regard it in that light, and at last, after their manner, found a name for it,—*"Epidemic Terror."*

Her ladyship had always been inclined to vehemence of demonstration, so that now she manifested her dismay more positively than many. She possessed some strength of mind, or was reputed to be so endowed, but hardly to an extent sufficient to enable her to master her emotions of alarm. So, as it seemed, she threw her mental force into the scale of her fears, and was more strongly and thoroughly terrified than the rest of the world. Feebler folk exhibited their timidity in a weaker and dimmer way. Upon a cry of "thieves!" there are some people who can but simply cower and shiver under the bed-clothes, speechless, holding their breath. Others, equally frightened, but of robuster constitution, are able to sit up and emit wild screams of "murder!" Her ladyship pertained to this last-mentioned class. Her consternation was obstreperously expressed. It is only deep waters you can stir into waves: puddles can but be rippled.

Lady Betty Laxford stepped from her chair in the hall of the house in St. James's Square, and paid a visit to Lady Dangerfield.

"Isn't it awful, my dear Countess! There's no mistake about it. The world's to come to an end on Thursday, the 5th of April. We may be reprieved to Sunday, the 8th; but there's no relying on it. And I'd a thousand things to do. I begin to think what a wicked woman I've been all my life. Not that there's so very much to be laid to my charge. At least, there's a many I wot of in a much worse plight.

Still, I should have liked a little longer time for preparation, if it had been only to put things to rights a bit and pay my tradesmen what I owe them. Not that, poor things, the money will be much avail to them where they're going to,—where we're all going to. Heaven knows where that is! I fear the worst, of course. One always does in these cases. The very thought makes me goose-flesh all over. You're not looking very well, Countess. A cough only? Try some ground-ivy tea,—do now,—a quarter of a pint at breakfast and as much going to bed. Her grace of Portland is a wonderful friend to it. Or two or three snails boiled in barley-water. I've known it work marvels. Only persist for a few weeks,—a few weeks! Good lack! how I talk! What will have become of us all in a few weeks? We shall be swallowed up by the earth like so many pills. Heigh-ho! I wish I was wicked, and didn't care. Or I wish I was good, and prepared. But I'm young still, and have a good complexion by candle-light,—so my friends tell me—I'm a trifle yellow in the day-time, I don't mind owning; and I do feel it very hard to be snuffed out like a candle, all on a sudden. One thing, we shall all go together. Earthquakes don't pick and choose much, I take it."

Lady Betty's converse did not afford much comfort to the Dowager Countess. She groaned aloud. But Lady Betty was a good talker. She was frightened in her way. But her fears seemed to make her, as it were, effervesce into speech. She had much to say, and perhaps she felt that, according to the general showing, she had but little time to say it in, and must therefore make the most of her restricted opportunities. So she chatted on in an exuberant, half-hysterical way: wildly and incoherently, and quite unconscious of the disordered and distressed condition to which the Dowager Countess was now reduced.

"But a handful of people at the ridotto last night. And they say there are to be no more masquerades this season. Never any more, I suppose that means. And the theatre's quite deserted,—that is, almost; for I own we made up a party the other night to see Garrick in *Fribble*. I didn't like to miss him. The wretch mimics so many of one's friends so delightfully. I longed to hug him. A tragedy I couldn't have borne. Sure, one's got miseries and mortifications enough to bear as it is. And just now my nerves are like fiddle-strings. I'm ready to scream at the least touch. La! where shall we all be, and what shall

we all be doing, this day month, I wonder! Isn't it dreadful to think of, Countess? You never mean to stop in town, do you, my dear?"

"Does it matter where we are overtaken,—town or country?" demanded Lady Dangerfield, in a sepulchral tone. "Do you think you can fly from Providence?"

"You make me shiver, I vow. That's just Whitfield's awful way. But I shall go in the country,—and so will most of the quality. Somehow the country don't seem so wicked as the town, and I feel myself almost good when I get amongst green fields, out of the sight and the talk of cards, the park and the play-houses. And then, my dear, it will be safer. One will be out of the way of the falling houses,—if they are to fall."

"But there are houses in the country, I suppose."

"But not so many of them. There's quite a large party of us going,—all people of the highest fashion, I assure you. We've hired a quiet country inn, five miles from town, on the northern road. We shall be dull, perhaps; but, you know, we can play at brag, if we find we can't pass the time in any other way."

"And the inn roof will fall in, and crush you all as you sit at table!"

"Gracious! don't talk like that. We shall sit out of doors when the time comes,—all night, if need be. We're making earthquake gowns on purpose."

"For shrouds?"

"Mercy on us, what a dreadful notion! Don't speak of shrouds, or I shall faint, I vow. Earthquake-gowns are quite the vogue. White flannel, trimmed with pink ribbons, with a train. They're not unbecoming; and vastly comfortable for out of doors."

"And do you think the coming judgment is to be escaped in this way?"

"I must go, Countess. You frighten me to death. I can't bear to hear such dreadful words. And I've half a hundred visits to pay. Good-bye. Mind you go away, and take my pretty Bab with you. The poor child looks but pale and pining. I don't wonder at it, I'm sure. I feel worn to a threadpaper myself. But I shall get quit of London, if it's only to give myself a chance of safety. I don't want to have a gang of common fellows searching and fishing for my poor bones among the rubbish. There's plenty saying they leave town only because it is such fine weather for the country. But I go down plainly because I'm a coward, and want to keep a whole skin, if I can. Good-bye. Please

God, we may all be as well as we are now this day month!"

The Dowager Countess had other visitors, whose talk did not greatly differ in regard to tone and topic from Lady Betty's. The most frivolous people were awed into seriousness by the nonce, although strength of habit, of course, asserted itself, and after five minutes of gravity they were apt to decline suddenly into giddiness, to revert presently, with a start, to their earlier and more solemn condition of mind. Indeed their airs of earnestness were most sadly leavened with levity. Devout utterances were intermingled with the idlest sallies. Now they desponded, and now they giggled. Fans fluttered, and snuff-boxes closed with a snap, and silks and satins rustled and crackled, as lamentations arose on all sides, and desperate forebodings of approaching doom were in every one's mouth. The expediency of leaving London was greatly discussed; and "earthquake gowns" and the general doctrine of "judgments" alternately figured in the conversation.

Meanwhile, to meet the materialist opinion in regard to "epidemic terror," which medicine had initiated, divinity stirred itself, with the view of asserting the Church's right to share in, possibly to benefit by, the general commotion. The pulpit and the press poured forth sermons and exhortations in great abundance. Secker, Bishop of Oxford, besought all good Christians not to hurry from their homes, but await Heaven's good pleasure prayerfully and patiently. The advice was prompted by his lordship's fear of losing his Easter offerings, avowed sceptical critics. Sherlock, Bishop of London, followed suit in a pastoral letter, improving the occasion. Ten thousand copies were sold in two days, and fifty thousand were subscribed for after the exhaustion of the first two editions. And never was there a sermon or a pamphlet published on the subject of the coming earthquake but a copy was sent to the Countess's house in St. James's Square, and laid upon her table. The publications were directed for the most part in what looked like a feigned hand, which yet, so Lady Barbara fancied, bore some resemblance to the writing of her Cousin Harry. Yet why, she asked herself, should Captain Brabazon be troubling himself about the matter? What was it to him?

And then the general convulsion, the prevailing state of panic, was not without preposterous incidents, at which the world would surely have laughed loudly at any

other time,—its courage a trifle less undermined and shattered. Turner, the famous china-man in Pall Mall, was demanding twenty guineas for a jar he had asked but ten for a week earlier. And now it was cracked,—but cracked by the earthquake, as he declared! "The only jar in Europe that has been cracked by an earthquake! Well worth twenty guineas. You see the thing's unique!" he explained.

Then, one day, there were hundreds of people crowding to Edmonton,—the Dowager Countess among them. There was reported to be on view there a hen which had recently laid an egg, with, inscribed on it in capital letters, the legend, "Beware of the third shock!"

VII.

It was within a few days of the date fixed for the great catastrophe. The "stampede," as it would now be called, had been something wonderful. Some seven hundred and thirty coaches, carrying whole families into the country, had been counted passing Hyde Park Corner within three days. "Read's Weekly Journal" informed the public that "thirty coaches filled with genteel-looking people, were, at Wednesday noon, at Slough, running away from the prognosticated earthquake;" adding, "and it is known that thirty-four p—rs, ninety-four c—rs, and two p—ds of —, fled to different parts of the kingdom this week on the same account, in order to avoid the vengeance denounced against them by a late pastoral letter."

As yet, however, the Dowager Countess had not followed the fashion and quitted her house in town. Something perhaps of the old indomitable spirit of her race remained to her. Terribly blanched and harrassed, she was still possessed with a notion of holding her own against all foes,—of dying, if it must be so: but not until she had made a fair show of fighting,—of standing to her guns, as it were,—even though her fortress was beleaguered by an earthquake. It was perhaps when she had been well fortified, by recourse to strong waters, that she inclined more particularly to these determined opinions; and of late, it must be owned, her ladyship's applications to the spirit-store in her closet had been frequent and extensive. But then she was, as we have shown, a lady advanced in years, and age needs stimulative sustenance, especially under such trying conditions as Lady Dangerfield was now subjected to,—her

ladyship, it must be remembered, having been proclaimed, on all hands, to be no longer the woman she had been. She had been carried in her chair to the Mall,—now almost deserted by the quality,—and, leaning upon the arm of her grandchild, had paced for a while up and down that pleasant, gravelled, tree-shadowed promenade. She had felt the need of fresh air and some change of scene, for her house had become, for the moment, unbearable to her,—and indeed, altogether, her ladyship wore an infirm and strangely altered look.

At one end of the Mall was assembled a little knot of persons, gradually augmented by idlers, until it became a considerable throng. Lady Dangerfield's attention was attracted by the gathering. As she approached to ascertain its cause she perceived in the midst the figure of a private soldier in the uniform of the Guards, mounted upon a bench, engaged in the delivery of a speech. Soon there rang upon her ladyship's startled ears the sound of the now familiar words, "Beware of the third shock!" Frightened, and yet fascinated, she drew nearer.

"Louder, my man, and don't mince your words," said a dark-complexioned officer standing by, and he tossed the man a crown.

The assembly was for the most sympathetic with the preacher, allowing for the presence, here and there, of the scoffer and the sceptic, to be discerned in all congregations.

The preacher was a wild-looking man, with rolling eyes and dishevelled dress. He had loosened his cravat and belts, and unbuttoned his coat, on account of the heat and for his greater ease in speaking. His gestures were animated to extravagance. His language was of the most frenzied kind. His text was the earthquake; and he spoke of it, and the effects to be expected from it, after a manner that was at once simple and horrible. Stimulated by the attention of his auditors, and possibly also by the crown tendered by his officer, his eloquence, as he proceeded, grew more and more inflammatory, soared to higher elevations. He drew a garishly-coloured picture of the impending doom,—the swallowing up of the whole metropolis, and the destruction of its inhabitants to the last man of them. He called attention to the Abbey towers in front, picturesque on the horizon, and prophesied their speedy downfall, burying all beneath them, and utter disappearance for ever. Of the entire city, he foretold, not one stone would

be left upon another, nor one living soul remain to contemplate the scene of devastation. Something as, almost a century earlier, Solomon Eagle had preached during the great plague and fire, did this private soldier deliver himself in the Mall for the edification and warning of his audience.

The Countess, trembling all over, listened like one entranced.

Captain Brabazon availed himself of the opportunity to approach Lady Barbara, and whisper in her ear.

"Fear nothing, Bab. The world's mad, that's all. Whatever happens, I'll be by your side. If you remain, I remain. If you go, I go. I wear the pompon next my heart still. That's my talisman. I shall be near thee always. No harm shall come to thee. I love thee, darling, ever. I dare say no more now." And he was gone.

The preacher had stopped; rather it appeared, however, from lack of breath than exhaustion of matter. Panting, he dabbed his wet forehead, and arranged somewhat his tumbled dress.

The Countess nervously forced her way through the crowd. Hurriedly she pressed her purse into the hand of the soldier. For a moment he glared at her with bloodshot, insane eyes.

"Hag!" he cried at the top of his voice, "do you think you can buy salvation with gold and silver? Hence! It is you, and such as you, who have brought this judgment upon us!" And he levelled at her a volley of denunciations and imprecations the more dreadful from the sort of parody of scriptural phraseology in which they were couched.

"Take me home!" gasped Lady Dangerfield, clutching her grandchild's arm. "Find my chair. I feel faint. Let me get home. I shall die if I stay longer. Heaven knows what's to become of us all! We must quit London, Bab! Oh, that I had never seen this city of iniquity!"

And she hurried from the Mall.

Immediately afterwards a file of the Guards appeared upon the scene.

"Arrest that scoundrel," said the officer in command. It was my Lord Delawar. The preacher was forthwith haled down and pinioned.

"But that I deem he's fitter for Bedlam than any other place, I'd have the rogue flogged straitway."

The preacher, who was certainly insane, surrendered without opposition. Indeed his sense of military duty for the moment made way through his madness, and as-

serted itself curiously. He drew himself up stiffly and formally saluted his officer, before he fell into the ranks as a prisoner.

A decent-looking woman came forward. She had been sitting quietly on the bench in charge of the preacher's bayonet and cartouche-box.

"Don't harm him, my lord," she said with a courtesy. "He didn't mean any wrong. I'm his wife, and ought to know. They say he's mad, but indeed he isn't. If your lordship could get any sensible man to examine him you would find him quite in his right mind."

"Stand back, good dame," said his lordship, with a laugh. What could he do but laugh? "Quick march!"

VIII.

THE Londoners' only chance of safety consisted in "camping out." That was the prevalent opinion. A sort of compromise was to be effected with the earthquake. It was to take the town, and spare the country. The citizens had, as it were, capitulated upon terms securing to them something of the honours of war. They abandoned their city to be pillaged and laid waste by natural convulsion, while they were permitted to march forth assured in some degree of personal safety, and possessed of such small chattels of value as they could carry with them.

All the roads leading from town were crowded with the retreating army of Londoners. The quality were in chairs and carriages; the citizens in gigs and carts and stage coaches; the humbler folks trudged wearily on foot. The open fields without the walls of the metropolis were filled with an extraordinary assembly of all classes. They were as the spectators of some grand show; particularly interested in its results because they could not be quite certain that they might not at any moment be required to relinquish passivity and take an active share in its incidents. It was as a bull-fight, at which upon very short notice any one happening to be present might be imperatively required to descend into the arena and assume the perilous part of matador.

There was notable exhibition of alarm undoubtedly. Yet a certain show of courage is not incompatible even with the existence of such a panic-driven crowd as we have here under mention. Each individual is buoyed up by a kind of belief that however much the safety of his neighbours may be menaced, a fair chance exists nevertheless of his own preservation. So, altogether, the conduct of the congre-

gation was not so indecorous as might have been anticipated. With all the fear and trembling there was yet considerable aspect of composure. The general attitude was one of waiting. The dire event which had been foretold was to occur within four-and-twenty hours, or, upon the most liberal calculation, within a period of some four days,—that is to say, between the Thursday, the 5th of April, and Sunday, the 8th. If nothing happened in that time it seemed to be the general opinion that people might safely return home and resume their ordinary course of life. Still it was also the general opinion that something, of a more or less awful character, would certainly happen in that time. Meanwhile, however, it was the duty of all to wait the issue of events, and to endure the agony of suspense with such serenity as was possible under the circumstances.

Such a general system of camping out, however, brought with it, of course, its camp-followers: a somewhat noisy and troublesome troop. There were shoe-blacks, link-boys, ballad-singers, and vendors of oranges and other fruits and articles of food. An open-air concourse in England involves many of the characteristics of a fair. There were people bound to turn the indispensable penny, even though the destruction of the globe was imminent. The partnership of hand and mouth cannot afford any suspension, however momentary, of the intercourse and understanding that should subsist between the members of the firm. So there was much plying of trades for a living, albeit the probability of the cessation of life altogether was universally averred to be very instant.

Science did not help people much. The savans were inclined to ascribe the strange situation of affairs vaguely to electricity. "Just as," Walpole wrote on the subject to a friend, "formerly, everything was accounted for by Descartes's vortices, and Sir Isaac Newton's gravitation." The opinion did not satisfy the general, who for the most part affected the less impugnable argument of a "judgment." The rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, showed himself stoutly on the occasion. Influential female parishioners had besought him to devote prayers in his parish church against the coming shock. He excused himself on the ground of a severe cold, and said coolly: "Besides, you can go, if you list, to St. James's Church, and hear the Bishop of Oxford preach there all night long about earthquakes."

Lady Dangerfield had secured rooms at

a somewhat squalid little tavern in the neighbourhood of Highgate, and, clad in an earthquake gown of substantial fabric and hideous device, awaited on the summit of the hill the utter destruction of the distant city,—vaguely discernible on the horizon,—a cloudy panorama of buildings, towers, and spires, crowned by the great mist-encircled dome of St. Paul's. Lady Barbara, of course, accompanied her grandmother, and was made useful in many ways; as a crutch to support the tottering limbs of the elder lady; as a cushion to be leant against, and pushed, and thumped into shape accordingly as the comfort of the invalid seemed to require, as her temper was fretted, or she needed occupation; as a whipping-boy, or whipping-girl rather, if the term be permissible, to suffer vicariously for the many transgressions of the past, that now burdened the memory and morbidly disquieted the conscience of the self-accusing Countess. Quite apart from all thought of the earthquake, the time was an acutely trying one for poor Lady Bab. The child did her best to tend and soothe her imperious and unreasoning relative. Until her arms ached and numbed, she upheld her granddam's shaking frame and feeble gait. Each moment some new service was demanded of her. She dared not quit her post for a second. Every requirement of the Dowager's she was expected to meet and satisfy forthwith, if not, indeed, to anticipate: to bathe her aching, wrinkled brows; to fan her if the heat oppressed her; to wrap her round more securely if the damps and chills of evening brought suggestions of rheumatic agonies; to read to her; to pray with and for her; to ply her well, when her strength declined, or symptoms of nervous distress became very pronounced, with some selections from the ample stock of stimulants which her ladyship had brought with her from town in her chariot, such as aniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes-water, ratifia,—“the most noble spirit of Clary,”—and other notable restoratives, upon which the fashion of the period had set its approving seal. Poor Lady Barbara! she was fairly worn-out with the severity of the duties that had devolved upon her. And no word of gratitude rewarded her for all her earnest toil and painstaking. Even the sight of her anxious pale young face, was a cause of offence to the Countess, who indeed scolded her for looking so ill, reproached her for her feebleness, charged her with affectation, when she was near fainting from fatigue incurred on behalf of

the cross and crazed old woman. Fortunately, perhaps, the Dowager's frequent applications to the potent restoratives she had supplied herself with, resulted at last in her sinking into a comatose state. Her form drooped and sunk upon the pillows arranged for her support; her eyelids lowered, and her head nodded.

A hand was laid upon Bab's arm. She turned, and found Lady Betty Laxford beside her.

“Hush! I've come to relieve guard. She's killing you, my poor child. It mustn't be, earthquake or no earthquake. I'm terribly frightened, but I haven't quite lost my wits yet. I won't answer for what may happen before we've done with this dreadful business. Go, Bab, my dear; look behind yonder furze-bush. You'll chance to find a friend there.”

Before Bab could reach the furze-bush, she was met by Captain Brabazon.

“I can bear it no more, Bab,” he said; “you've been a victim and a slave long enough. How pale and pinched and ill you look, my poor darling! I'll have no more of this. It quite maddens me. It sets my heart aching more than I can bear. This way, Bab.”

“What would you with me, cousin?”

“Release you from the tyranny of that crack-brained old harridan.”

He led her to where a coach with four horses was standing. The steps were flung down. He lifted his hat as he proffered his hand to assist her in mounting to the lofty vehicle. She hesitated, trembling, and turned towards him a white, quivering, inquiring face.

“Trust me, sweetheart,” he said simply.

“Dear Harry, only be good to me!” She burst into tears, and sobbed upon his breast, flinging her arms round his neck.

“Is there a creature living,—save only yon mad she-cat,—could do thee harm, dearest one?” he said. “To town.” This was to his coachman, who wore a certain soldierly look. He was, in truth, a private in the Captain's company of Guards.

“To town?” repeated Bab, opening wide her blue eyes. “But the earthquake?”

“The earthquake's all fiddlesticks,” said the Captain. His blunt delivery on that subject appeased Bab's fears with curious promptness.

“Oh, Harry,” she said presently, “I feel so happy sitting with thee here. You love me, cousin? Do I love thee, dost ask? Surely I do. Is there need to doubt it? My brave, true Harry! I love thee,

Harry, and I'm happy; and yet I am trembling and crying the while, and feel like to swoon! But I was ever weak and foolish, as you know. I needed your strong arm to sustain me. But how could you ever find the courage to take me from my grandmother? What will she do? Were she to see me here, Harry, she would kill me!"

"She shall kill me first. And I take some killing, I warrant."

"But where are we hurrying?"

"Dearest Bab! one of the chaplains of the Fleet shall make us man and wife ere an hour has sped. They're famous forgers of the bonds of Hymen, though I've seen worthier blacksmiths."

"Harry, I dare not."

"This earthquake stuff still scares thee? Nay, I'll not have thee frightened. My godless grand-aunt has worked wickedness enough of that kind already. We'll not re-enter town then. We'll turn the horses' heads towards the north and cross the Tweed. One of the priests of the border shall marry us, if thou wilt have it so, pretty one. I'll grudge nothing,—not even delay in making thee mine,—that tends to thy greater happiness."

"Oh, Harry, take me back. You must, cousin, indeed you must," cried Bab, after a pause.

He was startled at the strange earnestness of her beseeching.

"I cannot leave her, Harry. I must do my duty, cousin. You would not have me deemed wicked, cruel, heartless?"

"None dare think so of thee, Bab."

"All will, Harry; and they will think rightly, if I quit her now, at this moment of all others. She is very old, strangely feeble, terribly downcast, just now, with excess of fear and sickness. My place is at her side. Bethink, thee, she is almost my only living relative. My parents both have been taken from me, as you know. I have borne with her vexing humours a long while, but surely I should have patience to bear with them only a little longer, it may be! I have thought her cruel——"

"And she has been cruel indeed to thee, Bab," muttered the Captain, with an oath.

"But she may have meant kindly by me. Let us try to think so. Indeed, it will be best. And she is not always so harsh to me as she hath been of late. And however she may have sinned against me, is it for me to pay her back trespasses at such a time? Take me to her."

"It shall be as you will, Bab," quoth the Captain, with a sigh.

"And you're not angry with me, cousin?"

"Can I be angry with an angel? Ah, Bab! if all preachers had thy tender persuasive way, there'd be fewer sins to be frightened into righteousness by earthquakes and such dreadful matters!"

The coach was turned, and slowly climbed the hill again.

Lady Betty had grown alarmed at last, finding the Countess remained for so long a time quite still and speechless. Upon examination it was found that the poor lady was insensible. There was froth upon her lips, and a drawn look on one side of her face, symptomatic of a paralytic seizure.

"Quick, a surgeon!" cried Lady Betty. "Is there no one present who can breathe a vein?"

Medical aid was forthcoming. It was held advisable that the Countess should be borne within doors. She had not missed her grand-daughter. She was never indeed to know of Lady Barbara's brief absence: her flight with her lover, and her return to her duty.

IX.

For some days the Countess lay at Highgate, in the dingy bed-room of a roadside inn. She was insensible,—motionless,—and could give utterance to no articulate sounds.

Early in the ensuing week she was carried back to St. James's Square. She bore the journey tolerably well. But the town physicians at once declared that her ladyship's recovery was not to be looked for. It was only a question of a few days with her, they decided. Her constitution had wholly given way.

Lady Bab was constant in her attendance by the sick bed of her grandmother. She had not seen the Captain since the night of her short ride with him in the carriage towards town and a Fleet marriage. She was thinking of him fondly—and of her own troubles, and of the dying Countess—the sum of whose sins and failings death was gradually dimming and dissolving, so far as the vision of survivors was concerned.

It was nearly an hour past midnight. The taper burned very dimly. White as her draperies, and terribly worn with watching, looked poor little Lady Barbara. For a moment she closed her weary eyes, and sleep stole over her. She bowed her head upon her breast—then awoke with a start, almost with a scream.

Lady Dangerfield was sitting up in

bed, staring at her grandchild with fixed glassy eyes,—"Where am I?" she demanded in a thick, muffled voice. It was the first time she had spoken since her seizure upon Highgate Hill.

"At home, in your own house, grand-mamma."

"Who brought me here? What's the day of the month?"

"The 12th of April, grandmamma."

There was a pause.

"Then the 5th has passed? And the 8th? And—no earthquake?"

"No earthquake."

"No earthquake! Then I've been made a fool of. We've all been made fools of. Why wasn't there an earthquake?"

To this query, Bab could find no suitable reply.

The Dowager Countess, with a groan, sank back in her bed, and turned her face to the wall. Bab re-arranged the disturbed coverings, and resumed her chair. Sometime afterwards the taper flickered and went out. But there was no longer need of its light. Day had dawned. Bab opened the window-curtains ever so gently, to admit the first cheering rays of the sun. Then, something strange about the look of her grandmother's hand, as the light fell upon it lying open upon the coverlid, arrested her attention.

The Dowager Countess was dead.

The footsteps of the watchman, going his rounds without, were to be heard. "Past five o'clock, and a sunshiny morning!" She knew the voice.

She raised the window. Captain Brazon stood below, gazing up at her.

"Harry!" she cried to him plaintively.

"All is over!" There was a choke in her voice. She could say no more.

Her heart seemed overcharged with, wholly occupied by grief just then. Still, by-and-by, the comforting thought came to her, that she was not alone or uncared for in the world; that her Harry was true to her; and that she was free now to give him her love and her hand, without aid from the chaplains of the Fleet or the Tweed. Could she sorrow then so very much for the demise of the Dowager Countess? Indeed, the life of the late Lady Dangerfield had not been of a kind to justify much lamentation, on the part of any one, over her death.

"Be good to the dear little woman, and

do your best to deserve the love of her whole heart, that she has given thee, Harry," said Lady Betty Laxford to the Captain. "Sure, what have you ever done to merit the happiness of wedding my sweet Bab, and what can she see in your roystering, guard-room airs, to think of taking thee for her husband? And yet, if she hadn't, I almost think I could have shown pity for thee myself, Captain; for I do believe there's an honest heart in that broad chest of yours, beating sturdily under your red coat. Try and deserve your good fortune, Harry; that's all you can do—really deserve it, you never will. Treat her tenderly, and love her all your life. We're strange creatures, we women, and we need a world of indulgence and forbearance. You must humour us, and pet us; we're but babies at the best. And yet, for all our fancies and follies, our vapours, frights, faintings, monkeys, fashions, china, patches, washes, tattle, and impertinence, there's something of the angel about us too, if you'll only think so. Heighho! How pleased and fond and silly you both look, and yet, you know, you should be miserable, seeing what's happened. I can't find heart to scold you, however, for looking so happy. Things are all upset, somehow. This comes of earthquakes! Well, they need not happen very often. The poor Countess!—I must wear crape, I suppose, though I look quite a wretch in black, always. Now she's gone, is there harm in my saying—no!—now she's gone, I'll bite my tongue off, rather than say anything against her! There, positively, if you two fools can't get on without kissing each other, I'll—turn my head away!"

The date of the demise of the Dowager Countess was remembered afterwards, so far as it was remembered at all, in connection with the time fixed for the Great Earthquake—which did not occur. But the Earthquake soon ceased to be a topic of conversation—was speedily, indeed, forgotten almost altogether. Folly does not long lie fallow; punctually produces fresh crops, with scarce the interval of a season between them; and needs little cultivation or labour to stimulate her natural fertility. In a very little while other subjects, quite as preposterous in their character, gave occupation and entertainment to the frivolous world of society.

From Fraser's Magazine.
THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF;

OR, THE KING'S SACRIFICE.
(From the Irish Chronicles.)

[The battle of Clontarf, fought A.D. 1014, annulled for ever the Danish power in Ireland. During two centuries and more the sons of the North had landed on the Irish coasts, sacked the monasteries, burned the cities and churches, and in many places well-nigh destroyed the Christian civilization of earlier times, although they were never able to establish a monarchy in Ireland. The native dynasties for the most part remained; and Brian the Great, then King of all Ireland, though aged and blind, led forth the native hosts against the invader for one supreme effort. He placed his son Murrough in command; but he offered up, notwithstanding, his life for his country, and wrought her deliverance. His sons and his grandsons partook his glory and his fate. His death was a favourite theme with the chroniclers and bards of ancient Erin. When Bolingbroke wrote his *Patriot King*, he little thought how near him he might have drawn, from a period and a land deemed barbarous, the most signal example of that regal greatness of which he aspired to set forth the ideal.]

I.

'ANSWER, thou that from the height
Look'st to left, and look'st to right,
Answer make, how goes the fight?'

II.

Thus spake King Brian, by his tent
Kneeling, with sceptred hands that leant
Upon that altar which, where'er
He marched, kept pure his path with prayer.

For after all his triumphs past

That made him wondrous 'mid his peers,
On the blind King God's will had cast

The burden of his fourscore years :
And therefore when that morn, at nine,

He rode along the battle's van,

No sword he lifted, but the sign

Of Him who died for man.

King Brian's fleshly strength decayed,

Three times in puissance waxed his spirit,

And tall like oak-trees towered his merit,

And like a praying host he prayed;—

From nine to twelve, with crown on head,

Full fifty prayers the King had said;

And unto each such power was given,

It shook the unopening gates of heaven.

III.

'O King, the battle goes this hour
As when two seas are met in might,
When billow billow doth devour,
And tide with tide doth fight :

I watch the waves of war; but none
Can see what banners rise or fall;
Sea-clouds on rush, sea-crests on run,
And blood is over all.'

IV.

Then prayed the King once more, head-bare,
And made himself a cross of prayer,
With outstretched arms, and forehead prone
Staid on that topmost altar-stone

Gem-charged, and cleansed from mortal taint,
And strong with bones of many a Saint.
In youth for God and Eire* had yearned
His heart : now thrice his youth returned :
A child full oft, ere woke the bird,
The convent's nocturns he had heard,
In old Kincora, or that isle
Which guards, thus late, its wasted pile,†
While darkling winds the tall towers shook;
And he would peer into that Book
Which lay, lamp-lit, on eagle's wings,
Wherein God's Saints in gold and blue
Stood up, and prophets stood, and kings;
And he the martyrs knew,
And maids, and confessors each one,
And — tabernacled there in light —
That blissful Virgin enough bright
To light a burnt-out sun.

The blazoned letters well he kened
That stood like gateways keeping ward,
Before the Feast-Days set, to guard
Long ways of wisdom without end;
He knew the music notes black-barred,
And music notes, like planted spears,
Whereon who bends a fixed regard
The gathering anthem hears,
Like wakening storms 'mid pines that lean
Ere sunrise o'er some hushed ravine, —
The thoughts that nursed his youth, that hour
Were with his age, and armed with power.

V.

So fifty Psalms he sang, and then
Rolled round his sightless eyes again,
And spake — 'Thou watcher on the height,
Make answer quick, how goes the fight?'

VI.

'O King, the battle goes as when
The mill-wheel circles round and round;
The battle reels; and bones of men
Beneath its wheel are ground :

The war-field lies like Tomar's wood
By axes marred, or charred with fire,
When, black o'er wood-ways ruin strewed,
Rises the last oak spire.'

VII.

Then to his altar by the tent
Once more King Brian turned and bent
Unscathed hands and head discrowned
Down from that altar to the ground,
In such sort that the cold March air
With fir-cones swept his snow-white hair;
And prayed, 'O Thou that from the skies
Dost see what is, and what must be,
Make mine and me Thy Sacrifice,
But set this people free!'

VIII.

That hour, he knew, in many a fane
Late ravaged by the Pagan Dane,

* One of the ancient names of Ireland.
† Inisclatra.

God's priests were offering, far and wide,
 The Mass of the Presanctified :
 For lo! it was Good Friday morn,
 And Christ once more was crowned with thorn :
 God's Church, he knew, from niche and shrine
 Had swept those gaunts that time consumes,
 Whate'er sea-cave, or wood, or mine
 Yield from their sunless wombs :
 Veiled were the sacred images,
 He knew, like vapour-shrouded trees ;
 Vanished gold lamp, and chalice rare ;
 Because upon the cross, stone-dead,
 Christ lay that hour disarmed.

IX.

He prayed — then spake — ' How goes the
 fight ? '
 Then answer reached him from the height : —

X.

' O King, the battle goes as though
 God weighed two nations in His scale ;
 And now the fates of Eire sink low,
 Now theirs that wear the mail :

O King, thy sons, through God's decree,
 Are dead — save one, the best of all,
 Murrough — and now, ah woe is me,
 I see his standard fall ! '

XI.

It fell : but as it fell, above
 Through lightning-lighted skies on droye
 A thousand heavenly standards, dyed
 In martyrdom's ensanguined tide ;
 And every tower, and town, and fane
 That blazed of old round Erin's shore,
 Down fell, it seemed, in heaven again ; —
 So dire that thunder's roar !

The wrath had come : the Danes gave way ;
 For Brian's prayer had power that day ;
 Seaward they rushed, the race abhorred,
 The sword of prayer had quelled their sword.

So fled they to the ship-thronged coast ;
 But, random-borne through Tolga's glade,
 A remnant from that routed host
 Rushed by where Brian prayed ;
 And, swinging forth his brand, down leap'd
 Black Brodar, he that foremost rode,
 And from the kingly shoulders swept
 The old head, praising God ;
 And cried aloud, ' Let all men tell
 That Brodar, he that leagues with Hell,
 That Brodar of the magic mail
 Slew Brian of the Gael. '

XII.

Him God destroyed ! The accursed one lay
 Like beasts, there buried where he fell :
 But Brian and his sons this day
 In Armagh Church sleep well.
 And Brian's grandson strong and fair,
 Clutching a sea-king by the hair,
 Went with him far through Tolga's wave —
 Went with him to the same sea-grave.
 So Eire gave thanks to God, though sad,
 And took the blessing and the bale ;
 And sang, in funeral garments clad,
 The vengeance of the Gael.
 Silent all night the Northmen haled
 Their dead adown the bleeding wharf : —
 Far north at dawn their dark ships sailed ;
 But on thy shore, Clontarf,
 Old Eire once more, with pale cheeks wet,
 Gave thanks that He who shakes the skies
 Had burst His people's bond, and yet
 Decreed that Sacrifice :
 For God is one that gives and takes ;
 That lifts the low, and falls the proud ;
 That loves His land of Eire, and makes
 His rainbow in His cloud.

Thus sang to Eire her bars of old ;
 Thus sang to trampled kerne and serf
 While, sunset-like, her age of gold
 Came back to green Clontarf.

THE POWER OF THE LEAF. — In the first place, says the *English Mechanic*, let us fully understand what we mean by *worker* — or let us agree as to the definition of the term. To illustrate, we say of the locomotive that it performs a certain amount of labour, it turns so many wheels, drives so many looms, draws so many cars so many miles an hour — we speak of it as a worker. So, too, of man — we speak of him as a worker. He performs so much labour, physical or mental. Yet the locomotive, with all its ponderous bars, its mysterious valves, its great levers, its hidden springs, can do nothing. It is dead, inert metal. True, too, of man — that wonderful combination of bones and muscles and nerves and tissues can do nothing but decay, and be resolved to dust again. The brain cannot think, the eye cannot see, the ear cannot hear, the nerves cannot thrill, the muscle cannot contract.

In the same sense the leaf can do nothing. Yet in the same sense that a locomotive can draw a train, or that man can think and labour, is the *leaf* a labourer that outworks them all. The locomotive is a combination of material things so arranged that through or by them we discover the operations of force. Man himself is nothing more. The leaf is the same. Better, perhaps, that we say that these are the *workshop* wherein force exhibits itself, and produces results. When did the leaf begin its work ? It was the *first* to rise on creation's morn and go forth to labour. Ere the almost shoreless ocean dashed upon the low Silurian plain, the leaf was at its work. And through all the long ages it has worked — worked to develop better and higher forms of life. And the earth's broad face is written all over with the evidences of its faithfulness.

From The Spectator.
THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

IN the midst of a very great war, a war the history of which will be studied centuries hence with minute care, a clever young woman is engaged to a promising but as yet undistinguished young man, and the English world pauses in its contemplation of the conflict to consider that event. And it is an event, that is the puzzle of it. There are not ten educated Englishmen in the Empire who do not feel a quiet but still definite sensation of pleasure in hearing a sort of official announcement that the Princess Louise is to marry the Marquis of Lorn on some day in next February. The Marquis, though the heir of a very ancient race, for centuries closely bound up with our history, is of no particular importance to anybody but his father's tenants; and the Princess, though in the line of the succession, and popular from an impression which, true or false, is entirely unwarranted by evidence, that she is very unlike other Princesses, is very far removed from any chance of the throne, but still everybody is in reality very much interested indeed, and a good deal pleased. The truth is that the announcement is a social event, that the English, who in State politics are republican, are in social politics either aristocratic or democratic, and that this alliance interests and pleases them, because it involves a triumph of both those ideas over the monarchical one. A member of the Royal Family marries a subject, no matter how great, with the Sovereign's assent, and we are, therefore, coming back to rationality — that is, rudely expressed, the public sentiment. The Royal Marriage Act is perhaps, of all laws ever passed in Europe, the most brutally insolent in idea, but although incessantly attacked and never defended in principle, it has never been repealed. The country has felt that the Act did in a very bad way get the people out of a very dangerous scrape, — a conflict between two irreconcilable sets of ideas, the wish to obey democratic principles, and the determination to maintain monarchical institutions. It is all very well, and quite true, to say that one person is as good as another; but the Prince who married a housemaid would not reign in England, and, if unrestrained by law, the tendency of princes is to marry housemaids, or worse. Their touchstone of the distinctions between people below them is pleasingness or unpleasingness to themselves. The Act bound all descendants of George III. who wished to marry to obtain the previous consent in writing of the

reigning Sovereign, and though any such demand for consent was wholly at variance with the English system of thought, — which at heart relies on this doctrine, that every man or woman ought to marry whom he or she likes, provided the public thinks the liking reasonable — still it was felt to be expedient. The Act was very badly drawn up, for it did not interfere in the most important matter of all, the choice of the reigning Sovereign, — did not, for instance, interfere with Queen Victoria's right, if she liked, to marry a music-master; but still its effect was to drive the Royal caste back upon itself for alliances, — and people, on the whole, approved that. They did not want to see Mrs. Fitzherbert crowned. Of late years, however, the Act wore out its popularity. There were a good many children and grandchildren of the House, and it seemed likely to come to this, — that a good many young gentlemen, with immense rank, no property, and no chance of the throne, could not marry heiresses, and were therefore claimants on the public, and kept in a meaningless slavery as to their choice in marriage; and a great many young ladies, also of high rank, about whom England felt in some inexplicable way a distinct interest, were forced into marriages of convenience. It was felt that a change should come, yet also felt that a legal change would be inexpedient, and a wish was expressed in a half-forgotten case, which it is not needful to discuss further, that the rule should, as regards those in the succession who are unlikely to succeed, be relaxed by the Sovereign herself. It has been relaxed, and the general satisfaction may be shared by those who, like ourselves, are unable to understand, though they fully acknowledge, the kind of charm which the Royal caste exercises over European minds. The respect felt by the mass of mankind for high birth, is intelligible enough, continuity of any kind always impressing the imagination; but the special respect felt and paid to two families — or rather to the Catholic and Protestant branches of one particular family — as if the stock of a particular German Emperor were in some mystical way *sacro-sanct*, has never been satisfactorily explained. Why are not the Savelli respected more than the Bourbons or Guelphs, being as they are at least ten centuries older; and why should it seem natural for a Greek Parliament to choose Prince George of Denmark as King, and unnatural to choose, say, Lord Stanley? The superstition, however, exists, and in permitting the marriage of

her daughter with the chief of the Campbells the Queen does break through the mystic seclusion of the Royal caste, and that is a very good thing. The *Times* tries hard to exaggerate the position of the Campbells, and no doubt it is in one respect peculiar. They alone among English families are not subjects who have been raised by the Crown, but the representatives of sovereign princes who have accepted a position within the Empire, — the Marquis being the lineal representative in unbroken succession of the Maarmor of the West, who, as a sovereign owing allegiance to no one, led his followers to battle against Macbeth. Nevertheless, the Duke of Argyll is legally only a subject, and in marrying the son of a subject the princess departs from an etiquette unbroken in England since the days of Catherine Tudor, and regarded in Germany as almost sacred. It was time the superstition should be broken, and it is broken with the least possible shock to public feeling.

The alliance, whether or not it becomes precedent, will give rise to some questions of etiquette, which will greatly interest heralds and that section of European society which cares about such discussions. Will it be acknowledged on the Continent? It is probable, because the right of giving a final award in all such disputes has for ages been attached to the Imperial Crown of Germany, which in a few years must be borne by the brother-in-law of the Princess, who in Germany belongs to a family now included among the feudatories of the Hohenzollerns. Will the descendants of the Princess be Princes of the Blood? That point may require to be settled by Act, or Royal Order, for as matters now stand we may have younger sons of younger sons of a Duke, who, but for this alliance would be undistinguished gentlemen, ranking as Royal Princes, without any means for the maintenance of the position, while even in the elder line the arrangement really introduces a new order of nobles, who will take precedence not by date of creation but by birth. A Prince-Duke is a novelty in our peerage. That difficulty would be much more complicated, were it not for the great distance of the Princess from the Succession, to which she stands, we believe, just now about twentieth in reversion, the intervening nineteen being boys and girls of singularly healthy and long-lived families. If she were ever so close to the Throne, indeed, we should approve the alliance, but we doubt if the country would, fearing the precedent rather than

the particular alliance, and even we repudiate utterly the constantly reiterated opinion that Sovereigns ought to be as much guided by affection in their marriages as other people. The welfare of a nation is infinitely more important than the welfare of an individual, and a Sovereign has no more right to indulge his affection to the injury of his State than to indulge his spite. At this very moment a great nation with seventeen millions of people is distracted by apprehensions of anarchy because her only possible Sovereign chooses to indulge his personal taste in the choice of a wife. But for Ferdinand of Coburg's marriage, Spain might be a prosperous and orderly community.

From The Spectator.

PRUSSIAN CHAPLAINS IN WAR TIME.*

HERE we have a glimpse of Prussian military organization from a new point of view. The details given us of the system under which both the great confessions represented in the Prussian Army were provided with chaplains, of the difficulties encountered by the chaplains in keeping up with the troops and being at hand when a rapid march was succeeded by a sudden engagement, of the religious spirit displayed by many of the soldiers and of the impression it made on the enemy, are often very interesting. The effect of the book indeed is fragmentary and sketchy, but the circumstances of its publication put literary criticism out of the question. The English compiler admits that the issue of the work has been accelerated by the present war, and with this fact before us we need only turn our thoughts to the materials collected, and present a summary of them to our readers.

Of course the most striking part of a chaplain's duty lies on the battle-field and in the hospitals. Prayers and spiritual consolations by the side of the wounded and dying, help given to those who have just fallen under the rain of bullets, will naturally be most impressed on the memory of both actors and spectators. But we prefer to dwell on less painful scenes, especially as the horrors of 1870 are still filling the papers, and there is no need to compare them with those of 1866. While

* *The Chaplain in the Field of War: being the Experiences of the Clerical Staff during the Prussian Campaign of 1866.* From the Official Report of the Rev. B. Rogge. Chaplain to the Prussian Court. By George Gladstone, F.R.G.S. London: Bell and Daldy. 1870.

the troops are still on the march, or when they are reposing from battle, the chaplain's presence may not be so urgently desired, but he can make himself more generally useful. There is time then for more stated services, for good influences being brought to bear on the men, for advice and exhortation being listened to with calmness. In the hurry and heat of battle, and the excitement which follows it, while the care of the wounded absorbs the chaplain's efforts, the rest of the army may forget all his teaching and give way to excesses. This ought not to surprise any one who thinks of the natural effect of such an overpowering stimulus as victory, but the Prussian chaplains appear to have thought their men proof against all temptations. It seems certain that the religious feeling of the army was very much above the average, and we meet with expressions which might recall the days of Cromwell. Some of the soldiers, on being reminded that they were much prayed for at home, replied, "Yes, we thoroughly felt that such was the case in the hot days of Nachod and Skalitz. The Austrians attributed our success to our arms, but we know better; it was not our guns, but our Lord God who helped us." In the same way an artilleryman, looking at the guns captured from the Austrians, said simply, "Ah! God was with us." That these were not mere phrases appeared from the general conduct of the troops before they were touched by exceeding success, and by being quartered upon a conquered people. The Prussian chaplains speak warmly of the zeal with which public service was attended. At one place six hundred, and at another two thousand men partook of the Sacrament, and we can well understand that such celebrations were the most impressive the chaplains ever witnessed. "Two hundred men in double file," says one chaplain, describing the scene, "stepped forward simultaneously, forming themselves into a half-circle; a soldier accompanied me, carrying a jug of wine, as I passed up and down the ranks, and in this way the service proceeded rapidly. Those who had partaken of the supper sat quietly in the shade at the border of the forest, and at the concluding prayer closed in again in a large circle round the altar." So, what similar to this is the account given of a public thanksgiving offered by the order of a Prussian general after one of the battles. The division, which had started at four in the morning, halted at seven, piled arms, and formed into a square. The chaplain, who had ridden

with the officers of the staff, dismounted, stepped into the middle of the square, and held a short service, consisting of a hymn, accompanied by the regimental band, a sermon, and an extempore prayer, after which the march was resumed.

In this case, as in many others, the General in command was desirous of offering the chaplains every facility for the performance of public worship, but all were not so favourably disposed. We hear of one colonel who was bitterly offended at a regimental delinquency being mentioned in a sermon. A wine-cellar having been broken into, and the chaplain having heard that certain soldiers had been concerned in the act, he thought it right to comment on this breach of what he and the English compiler call the Seventh Commandment. But this did not suit the colonel, who said bitterly to the chaplain, "If my men do not profit by being punished for the offence, nothing will be attained by your preaching." There is a story of a naval captain who once sent the chaplain of his ship a written order to preach according to the Articles of War. Apparently, the Prussian colonel objected to anything so sacred being introduced into a pulpit. With the best intentions, however, it was not always easy for commanding officers to second the chaplains' efforts. Hours of march would interfere with hours of service. One Sunday a certain time had, after many ineffectual attempts, been fixed upon for the celebration of the Sacrament, and the bread and wine had been procured with great difficulty, when orders came from head-quarters for an immediate advance. Necessarily, too, there were other difficulties. It was hard to find fit places to accommodate large military congregations. When service was performed in the open air the weather was often unfavourable, and once, says a chaplain, "We stood up to our ankles in mud, and the rain poured down in such streams, that I was obliged in the communion service to cover the bread over with the lid of a box whilst consecrating it, and with the sleeve of my gown while dispensing it." The chaplains do not seem to have thought anything of the hardships of a campaign. They were provided with carriages, but if they wished to be of any use they had to ride with the staff, for their carriages might be delayed for days with the rest of the baggage-train, or might be entirely cut off from the rest of the army. A Roman Catholic chaplain very nearly fell into the hands of the Austrians, while he was pushing his way to the front alone, after

having missed two battles, where his presence was much needed. His Protestant colleague had started in his carriage, but finding himself shunted into a meadow and likely to remain there all day, he took to his horse and was able to make himself useful. Another chaplain stayed behind with some wounded, and fell into the hands of the Bavarians, who first took away his horse and then made him prisoner. Prince Luitpold of Bavaria ordered the confiscation of the horse, and being appealed to in touching terms by the chaplain, answered, "You hold an office which is indeed honourable, and in which I wish you God's blessing, but, — the horse belongs to me."

One feature of the campaign of 1866 which is especially noticeable is the harmony which seems to have existed between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Chaplains of both confessions were provided by the Prussian Government, and worked well together; but this was not the only nor the most striking instance of agreement. The way in which the Protestant Prussians were received in parts of Austria, though it may have been the effect of conquest, and, therefore, of a transitory character, has in it much that is gratifying. Naturally the churches belonging to the Roman Catholics were used by the Prussian soldiers, just as they used "circuses, dancing-saloons, tap-rooms, theatres, waiting-rooms at railway-stations, courts of law, council-chambers, barns, and sheds for waggons," as places of worship. The apparent incongruity of singing Lutheran hymns in buildings decorated with pictures of St. Dominic or Ignatius Loyola of course impressed the Prussian chaplains, but in some places the Roman Catholic priests themselves gave their assistance. We are told by one chaplain that "many Roman Catholic priests met me so far as to provide the communion wine, and begged me to use their *vasa sacra*. They also generally attended public worship with the people, especially in Hungary. The priest at R—— saluted me with these words, 'Though we may be enemies in name, we are nevertheless brothers in Jesus Christ.'" Still more remarkable was the expression of a priest: who found himself saying mass while a Protestant chaplain preached in the same building: —

"The chaplains always acknowledged the kindness received at the hands of their Roman Catholic brethren by avoiding, as far as possible, any interference with their stated services, as well as with their prejudices. One case, however, is on record where the two services were carried on simultaneously; but this happened quite un-

wittingly, and, as the sequel shows, it created a bond of friendship rather than a scandal. We will let the chaplain tell the story in his own words: — 'It was arranged by the sergeant that the use of the church should be granted for the service appointed to be held on the following day. At seven o'clock in the morning the company mustered in front of the church; the latter was open and empty, in expectation, as I imagined, of our coming, so we accordingly entered. I took my stand before the rail enclosing the space round the altar, and began the service. The townspeople present I took to be inquisitive spectators. During the singing the priest belonging to the place made his appearance, went into the sacristy, came out again by a side door behind my back, and stepped in front of the altar. He held mass, the bell rang, the pyx was exhibited, and the people fell down upon their knees, whilst I preached from the words "Be a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Had I known the actual circumstances of the case, I might have stopped; but I supposed that the priest considered the two services might be advantageously united, and I preached on. After the service the whole mystery was cleared up. No request had been communicated to the priest for the setting apart of the church for our service. The lieutenant of the company, whose duty it had been to send the order, had been sitting on live coals all the time, wondering what would happen at the close. He came forward at once, looking very much disconcerted, and accused himself as the sole author of the disturbance. The worthy priest consoled him with these words, "We have each served God in our own way." Combined churches are not uncommon but I think this combined service will not easily be matched.'"

The account of the sisters of the Order of St. Borromeo reading Protestant books to the Prussian soldiers shows the same spirit, though it is not equal to the instances given us of a Jew acting as interpreter at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and appearing to be much impressed by the service.

AMERICAN TRAVEL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

In the following letter, a young English girl gives a bright and vivid account of the experiences of herself and sister on a journey from New England to the West: —

"CHICAGO, September 8, 1870.

"Dear —, — Yes, here indeed we are! the dream of my youth is accomplished, I am at the West,— the new country, with all its freshness, is around me, the prairies stretch for hundreds of miles between me and either ocean.

"People asked us before we started if we ladies were not afraid to travel two thousand miles and more through unknown country, without escort; and we answered that we neither of us felt the least nervousness, indeed, that the thought of our independence heightened the pleasure of anticipation, and that our faith in the politeness and kindness of railway officials and fellow-travellers towards unescorted ladies was entire. A party of bright, pleasant friends, however, were to pass the first day and night with us.

"Very early in the morning we left Philadelphia. Such a strange, dull morning it was!—the air thick and heavy, depressing one with a sense of weight and discomfort. Our fellow-travellers told us that the haze from which we were suffering was the smoke of burning Canadian forests. Hundreds of miles of wood were on fire.

"All morning we travelled through the cultivated hill and dale of the Susquehanna Valley, the scenery being very much that of the Thames above Maidenhead. We were in a slow train, chosen on purpose that we might see the country and study the people who would get in and out at the wayside stations. Then we left the Susquehanna, and rushed up the narrower, wilder valley of the "blue Juniata," which, however, was never blue, but always brown or green. Such a romantic little river!—with steep, wooded hills, and sudden bends and turns that seem to transform the stream into hill-locked lakes. Whether it was the charm of the name, or the memory of the "bright Alfarata" and her "warrior bold," I do not know; but I felt a love at first sight for the wild little river, and I was sorry when we turned away from its wooded banks to grind up by steep glades the sides of the Alleghanies. For miles you creep up one mountain spur, trees above you, trees below you. No break to the trees but the railway cutting; then you round the edge, and a deep valley is before; while the mountain takes a great sweep in the form of a horse-shoe, and your fellow-traveller points to another mountain spur across the deep ravine, and tells you you will be there in fifteen minutes. Slowly the train winds on, the deep ravine below, the wild mountain above you; then you round the extreme bend, and the mountain's arms seem to enclose you; and then your engine puffs and pants, and the carriages creak, and the wheels grind slowly on, and the last spur is reached and the horse-shoe is behind you, and you are on the top of the Alleghanies. Such a view is spread before

you.—range after range of hills, and hundreds of acres of trees; no house, no steeple, nothing in sight to tell you that the world holds anything but trees and mountains. It was getting dusk as we made the descent, and half the glories of the scene were hidden from us; but as we swung down in the twilight, we could still see that forests of trees were above and below us. We stopped for the night at Cresson, a cluster of small houses, a railway station, and a monster hotel, perched among the trees half-way down the mountain side. After tea we took seats in the rather barn-like dining-room, which was cleared for dancing, and lighted by numberless small lamps in tin sconces. There was a crowd of children—those typical American children who haunt every fashionable resort—the little girls dressed in the latest fashion, with the self-possession manners of women who have been in society for fifty years. We watched the antics of the poor little souls till the heart was heavy, for in their looks and ways was nothing of the meek loveliness of childhood.

"Next morning rose bright and clear; all the dull haze was gone, and a sweet, fresh breeze was blowing, which was inexpressibly delightful, after the fatigues and depressing atmosphere of the day before. After breakfast we parted from our pleasant companions, they coming down to the small wayside station to see us off. We had a pleasant compartment in a sleeping-car, which looked by day like an ordinary car, except that it is cleaner, and the seats are wider apart, and two by two face each other, four seats making a compartment. We had each a window, and could watch with interest and delight how the country changes, and the stations and villages grew hourly wilder and more western in appearance, and could mark how the rivers and streams, which before in all our journeyings had flowed eastward, now set in the contrary direction, hurrying one and all to swell the waters of the mighty Mississippi. At two o'clock we reached Pittsburgh, the American Birmingham, a smoky, dirty city, lying in a cleft of the hills, placed there seemingly with the hope that the smoke should have no chance of escape from its tall chimney-tops. Here we dined and changed cars. In twenty minutes we were again in motion. There was some little difficulty in finding sleeping-berths, and for the first dozen miles we travelled in the ordinary cars, which we found crowded and dusty, filled apparently with emigrants on their way to the far

West; poor tired women, with worn-out, dirty children, and broad-shouldered, brown-faced young men of the Mark Tapley type. There were evident signs of kind feeling and good-fellowship amongst these poor travellers, and we noticed that each woman had two or three brown-handed chevaliers ready to carry bundles, nurse a child, or bring the weary baby and its mother tin cups of ice-water from the filter with which every car is supplied. We caught the spirit of the place, and soon established most friendly relations with our neighbours; a fat, solemn little fellow of two years old going fast asleep on my knee with the utmost readiness. My small friend had a well-shaped head and earnest little face, and I thought as I watched him that perhaps my knee pillowed the head of the future President of this wide country. I was really quite sorry when at the next stopping-place the conductor came to us, and told us that there was now room in the saloon, and he would show us the way; it seemed almost cruel to go away and leave our poor friends, and take refuge, by means of extra dollars, in the spacious, clean, comfortable saloon, the first-class of these Western trains. We found excellent places, and had our belongings stowed away around us, and then went to the dressing-room at the end of the car, where you can wash your face and hands with scented soap in ice-water, — a most refreshing occupation.

"All through that bright September afternoon we rushed at express speed over the prairies, that wide green ocean of high grass. For many miles the ground was low and marshy, and covered for acres with small white water-lilies, three or four heads growing on a stem a foot high. The edge of the railway track was bordered by a little thicket of sunflowers or wild chrysanthemums, the prairie flower surely that Shawondasee fell in love with —

"'Brightest green were all her garments,
And her hair was like the sunshine.'

Can you see the picture? The bright border of flaunting yellow heads, the large patches of dazzling blossoms, the glimpses of blue water, and the green plain which would have stretched away for ever had not the sky come down and stopped it in a cloud of grey-blue haze. We watched the sun set behind low lines of crimson clouds, and while the air was full of golden light, stopped at a prairie village for supper. The meal was spread in the large wooden refreshment-room of the station; we were very hungry, and rushed with

one accord to the food; but though our movements had been swift, we found the table almost filled, and the meal half over. Such is Western expedition!

"We were soon in our seats again, whirling over the wide green earth in the grey twilight, which soon grew to darkness, made visible by two miserable lamps. I retired into a dark corner to muse and meditate, or to slumber; it was only seven o'clock, rather too early to go to bed. So I got out my book, I tried every position in our compartment, held my book at every angle to try to catch some ray of light, but in vain. Never was a helpless damsel more miserable; but help came to Andromeda before the beast, and my Perseus appeared before I was in utter despair. He came truly like an angel of light, for he bore in his hand the guard's lamp, and, approaching me with a bow, proposed to hold it for me while I read; and in five minutes we were comfortably seated, the lamp between us, he deep in his paper, I in mine. My Perseus was a broad-shouldered young man, with a handsome face, and soft Western accent. After we had read an hour or more he began to talk, and I found that my companion came from Helena, in the territory of Montana. We talked, of course, about the West and its marvellous capabilities, and he told of the wonderful growth of Helena; how it was only five years old, and had 30,000 inhabitants, and how he should have to travel 500 miles by stage before he reached it, and then how he had served in the war, and been captured and confined in the Libby Prison, and of all its horrors, and the life in a prison encampment in the woods, without shelter and almost without clothing or food, and of his escape, and fight with bloodhounds. The time passed away quite pleasantly till the conductor came to make up our berths. He pulled the seats to pieces, put down mattresses, spread sheets and counterpanes, arranged pillows and bolsters, and hung up in front heavy woollen curtains, behind these we crept, one into the top shelf, the other into the lower. The novelty of the position, the jolting of the car, the constant and steady downfall of grit from the engine kept me awake for hours. Through the windows, just on a level with my pillow, I could see the stars swinging and rolling backwards and forwards, and the black telegraph lines dipping up and down across them. Then the train pulled up at a little shanty to take in water, and lights flashed up and down, and men shouted to each other, and then the bell rang, and away

we rushed off again under the swinging heavens. And who can tell of the horrors of the grit! When we awoke in the early dawn we found our pillows and everything about us covered with a thick layer of this pleasant substance, and we had to call to mind the successful enterprise of Benzoni and Layard before we had the courage to attempt to arise. With much perseverance and more patience we performed our simple toilet; the only position in which this could be done, owing to the shaking of the cars, was by kneeling on your shelf, your head firmly pressed against the roof above. This over, we staggered to the rear of the car and washed our faces in the never-failing ice-water. Soon our mattresses, pillows, and curtains disappeared, and we were seated once more on our red velvet cushions, the windows open, and the sweet fresh air pouring in, and the wide green ocean lying like a kindly future before us, mysterious in the dim, tender lights, blue, grey, and gold, of sunrise.

"After breakfast our Montana friend joined us with the morning paper, and on the rolling prairies, four thousand miles away from Paris, we read the words of Jules Favre, uttered twelve hours ago, declaring for the deposition of the Emperor and the Republic of France. 'There's Chicago!' said our companion, in the midst of the war-talk which followed. We sped on, past acres of level ground covered with one-storeyed wooden houses, past immense lumber yards, machine-shops, gas-works, and through streets and across railways, and pulled up at last in a big, dusty, dark, wood-built, barn-like station. There on the platform stood our friends — whom last we had seen in a London drawing-room — looking bright, fresh, and handsome as if there were no such things as dust and cinder-grit and impossible toilets!

"And now we have been for some days in this wonderful city, this child of the present, growing up on the most approved systems. Everywhere I am struck with the perfectness of the arrangements. The streets remind me of Paris, so evenly paved, so clean, and so broad, with wide sidewalks and rows of trees; the pavement is of wood, and the carriage rolls over it with delightful ease and quiet. There are handsome shops and warehouses built of stone and marble, ornamented with pillars and cornices and French roofs. There are monster hotels, theatres, concert-halls, art galleries, and long boulevards going out for miles towards the

country, lined with handsome houses, as fine as any you might see in Fifth Avenue, New York. Between these lie the acres of neat white and green wooden houses, where the workmen are located.

"We have been to see an *elevator*, a huge wooden tower where grain is stored. We watched the cars backed under its great archway, and the yellow loads shovelled out into a trough, and whisked up over our heads in little buckets fastened on a strap; this unloading went on at the rate of ten trucks in five minutes. Then we mounted hundreds of steps to the top of the tower, where we found the little buckets hard at work tilting the grain in a yellow stream into huge bins. Here it is weighed. From these bins it is poured through wide tubes into the vessels lying at the wharf below, twenty minutes being sufficient to give out a cargo of eighteen thousand bushels. We were told that the elevator we were in had stored in the last twelve months twenty millions of bushels of grain. And these golden seeds, which have waved in the sunshine over the generous soil of Wisconsin, Iowa, or Illinois, mostly go to help to make a penny roll, to be bought by a ragged street Arab in some small shop of a dirty alley in Seven Dials.

"And now we have seen the great river of the West. As we stood upon the platform of the cars, suddenly among the trees we saw, glinting and glancing in the sunlight, the waters of the Mississippi, and soon afterwards we began to lumber over the high tresselwork bridge that is built on three islands, and spans the wide flood; but rather seems as you move across it to rise straight out of the water, and hold you without railing or protection of any kind just above the rushing river. Later on we took an exciting walk across the huge rafts that lay at the water's edge, the logs waiting to be carried into the large wooden saw-mill, which we were told was the largest in the United States, and which we visited next morning. There we saw the great trunks of trees that had flourished in Canadian forests, and had floated hundreds of miles down the river, drawn up as if by magic from the water, and relentlessly pushed into the jaws of a great monster, whence they reissued in a few moments transformed into white planks, to be sent off by trains that waited below to all the surrounding States.

"But our sail at sunset upon the great river! My memory of it is that we moved on noiselessly in molten gold, and that we

came to a fairy island where the trees were wreathed with heavy festoons of creepers; where there were red and purple and yellow flowers bending at the water's edge and reflecting themselves into double beauty; and where splendid butterflies flitted about in the sunshine that flickered and glinted through the trees. The beauty was enough to carry one out of oneself, and out of the world almost. Then the sunlight faded away like the smile from a beautiful face, and we turned our boat, and were borne swiftly homeward by the tremendous current."

From The Saturday Review.

WHAT "OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT"
DOES NOT TELL US.

We have often had occasion to complain, and others have echoed our complaint, that "Our Own Correspondents" tell us a great deal which is not worth telling, and much that is not fit to tell, about the details of the war. We have had more than enough of what is disgusting, and at least enough of mere gossip and foolish personal detail. It requires no great stretch of imagination to picture for ourselves that roughing at the outposts is unpleasant, or that junketing at headquarters is an agreeable change. To describe graphically the drawing of champagne corks, or the difficulties about getting a horse and carriage or to photograph the interior of a Parisian cockney's villa after it has been occupied by the Prussians, fills a column, many columns, but scarcely adds to our knowledge. We now venture to complete our bill of complaint against "Our Own," and after having noted what they have done and are doing which they might as well have left undone, we proceed to point out some of their shortcomings and deficiencies. France generally, and Paris in particular, presents at this moment, and has for some weeks presented, a phenomenon not only of special interest, but absolutely without precedent in political and national history. There is a remarkable combination and concurrence of two sets of circumstances. The country, or at least a great portion of it, is subjected to a successful invasion, and the country is also without a Government. Either of these conditions of national life, or life in death, may have occurred before; but in their simultaneous occurrence consists the special interest of the hour. Now what we want to know, and what we

are certainly not told, is how in this emergency national and social life goes on at all. What all of us mean by life is not the exceptional circumstances which war brings with it, but the inner daily existence of the population. We want to be informed how the social machine labours and pants, and yet somehow does not altogether break down. We should like to know more about the administrative arrangements which are made, or which have shaped themselves, to meet conditions without precedent, unforeseen, and incapable of being provided against or provided for. Now, to take the case of ordinary Englishmen, for whose information, we suppose, Special Correspondents write; as a matter of fact they know but little of the domestic constitution of another country. We travel in France, or take a holiday in Paris, but we have too much to do to inform ourselves of the common institutions and life of the French people. The theatres, the boulevards, the galleries and museums, pictures and statues, and café life attracts us. We go to Paris for amusement, not for instruction in dull statistics, or to learn the social organization of the country. Somehow there is a system going on which, differing we dare say, but how we do not much care, from our own, produces much the same results. But now we have to realize how France gets on with its heart paralysed, what Paris is when isolated from the whole body politic; and reasonably enough, if we want to guess out how things are there, we begin to speculate how things would be here with us in England and London under similar circumstances.

It is curious, but it seems to be a fact, that with all the contemporaneous memoirs, private diaries and letters, and biographies and State papers, which have from time to time been published, we know so very little how France got on during the great Revolution. During the Reign of Terror we have been told that the salons were kept open, and that the intercourses of society were maintained; but we do not know how the courts of justice and of police discharged functions without which all would be chaos, how the taxes were levied, if levied at all, how the daily circulation of the State's life was kept up. It is so now. It is absurd to imagine that there is no hitch and break, no solution of continuity, in the national life of France. We do know that there is a forced currency, and we do know that what passes for a Government finds the

means of spending an enormous sum of money; but where the money or credit, or whatever it is that is in use, comes from, we do not know. We know that France is not altogether in a state of anarchy; but whether there are public writs, or in whose name judicial proceedings run, whether ordinary processes and suits are carried on just as they were three months ago, we can only conjecture. What becomes of appeals—if there is, as there must be, an appellate system—there may be many acquainted with the French system who can tell us; but ordinary Englishmen, who only think that England cut off from London and Westminster would present a very strange spectacle, are merely puzzled by thinking about it. The monetary circulation again, and all the banking and all bill transactions, the ebb and flow of bullion inside the Bank of France—and nobody knows where the Bank is at this moment—is a huge and inexplicable riddle to us. The national revenues, customs and such dues, are of course somehow collected; but if the capital no longer exists practically, though the seat of government has been transferred to Tours, to whom is the money forwarded, and how is it that the whole machinery of the State is not stopped, when offices, archives, clerks, boards, departments, officials, and centralization cease to be? How should we get on without the Stamp Office, Somerset House, the Custom House, the Bank, the Courts at Westminster? The Ministers and a few officials, if London were invested, could establish themselves at Manchester, and a Parliament might meet, as it has met before, at Oxford; but how could the business of the country go on without the central machinery for carrying on the ways and means? And yet, as it seems, or at any rate as far as we are told, there is no fatal hitch. Of all wonders, the political—we mean the international political—condition of France at this moment is to an ordinary Englishman the most wonderful.

And when we come to the details of actual life it might be well if the picturesque chroniclers who tell us enough and to spare about the uniforms of the Mables, and the alternate fits of gaiety and sullenness on the boulevards, would enlighten us on the daily life in Paris in a state of siege. Of one broad aspect of life in Paris we do not want any assurance. Business and manufactures and trade must be at an end; and, with trade, wages must have ceased to be. The building-trade, for ex-

ample, must have been annihilated. What we have to picture is London with all the masons, bricklayers, carpenters, painters, and "amalgamated trades" out of work; not merely the shipbuilding of East London annihilated—and we know what came of that—but all trades stopped; all the producers of articles of Paris, and all the smart shopkeepers and shopkeepers' staffs, at one blow struck down. No doubt there are compensations. All the six hundred thousand soldiers, or so-called soldiers, who are employed in the defense of the city receive pay and rations. A vast deal of new and exceptional work, and with work wages, supplied by the Government, fills up some gaps in the labour-market. Defences are thrown up. M. Gambetta informs us that guns are daily cast, and an immense amount of ammunition produced, in Paris. Men who were behind the counter and at work in the factories are doing garrison work, and are paid for it; tailors and women and milliners have perhaps their hands full of uniforms and necessities for the defence. But the amount of labour absorbed by Government employment cannot reach one-tenth of the ordinary trade of the capital of France. Judging from what we all know of the working-classes of London, it is certain that, after making the most ample allowance for the exceptional employment which the siege affords, there must be thousands and thousands of bread-winners, as they are called, in Paris, who earn no wages because there are no wages to earn. Factory hands must be dismissed when the factories cease to work; domestic servants must be dismissed when households are broken up or reduced to short commons. If the workman life in France is, as it must be, much the same as it is in England, what a vast horde of men there must be who merely earn their twenty or thirty francs a week, and spend it every week in rent and across the counter for the ordinary necessities of meat, drink, and clothing? How do they contrive to live without wages? There can be no credit given; we do not hear that Paris has relapsed into a state of barter, which however, would be of little use, seeing that the *ouvriers* having nothing to barter. We are told that Government has fixed the price of flour and meat, but we do not hear that Government has issued five-franc pieces to pay for the meat and the flour. And how all the people in Paris who have not a twenty-franc piece—we were just going to say a Napoleon—manage to get food we are not

told. If the shopkeepers, which is absurd, give unlimited trust, we should like to be assured of the fact; but if life can be sustained in a huge city without money or credit, it would be very interesting to be told by the Special Correspondents how this is done.

But all this only relates to able-bodied men. We presume that Paris contains, as every city and indeed every village or community in the world must to some extent contain, a huge mass of pauperism. France has not our English Poor-law; but France has institutions—they have been described in the *Saturday Review*—which do give meat and raiment and lodging to those who from old age, sickness, and the accidents of life cannot keep themselves, and have, even when all is peace and prosperity, no friends and relations on whom they can depend. How do the helpless and aged poor fare in this dreadful emergency? That they are not as a matter of fact turned out of Paris, or left in Paris to be starved, we know; because if it were so we should have heard of it. Something, somehow, is done for them; and what we should like to know, but do not know, is what exceptional remedy for this exceptional state of things has been devised and is now at work. Again, in Paris as in every civilized capital in the world, there must be, as we know that there are, a great many voluntary institutions of charity—hospitals, infirmaries, and charitable schools—supported, as among ourselves, by voluntary subscriptions. These sources of support are dried up. If the subscribers still give, or are ready to give, their money, that money cannot reach Paris. Are these institutions closed? If not, how are they kept open? If they are closed, who now supports their inmates? Again, amongst ourselves the pawnshop is the working-man's resource on a rainy day. Pawnbroking is a State affair in Paris, and we did hear that the Government had authorized the *Monts de Piété* to return all pledges of less than 10 fr. value; but have they gone further, and authorised loans of money to those who have no goods to deposit? To return to a poor Parisian his bedstead or his holiday suit would be somewhat of a mockery when what he wants is the ten francs. These are some and they are only specimens, of the subjects suggested by the France of the moment, on which we should much prefer some authentic information to long narratives of Mr. Russell's adventures with his horse, or the diary of his breakfasts and gossips.

Many of the questions which we have mooted are no doubt at the fingers' ends of "Our Owns," and some of them are what every schoolboy—that is, Lord Macaulay's every schoolboy—knows. But then some of us are not omniscient schoolboys or pantological Correspondents; and we may as well own our ignorance and our opportune or inopportune thirst for useful knowledge. And if, as is, we believe, the case, "Our Owns" have not attended to these matters, the sooner they do so the better; and then their jaunty talk will promise to be, which at present it does not, of some use to future historians.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
THE GUERRILLA WARFARE OF THE
FUTURE.

THERE are certain questions of high importance to society, which are always debated whenever they practically arise, and never settled, for the simple reason that both parties are in the right. Each has irrefragable arguments to offer in favour of his view, and neither can convince the other or bring an impartial judge to his side, because their lines of reasoning never coincide or meet in some common issue on which judgment can be given. A familiar instance is to be found in the discussion, which every fresh occasion is certain to renew, on the right or wrong of martial law in the popular (not professional) sense of the phrase. Every one knows that martial law, in this country at least, is synonymous with no law at all. Every agent of power who executes its decrees on a citizen is guilty of legal crime and punishable by the regular tribunals. And every one knows, which is more seriously to the purpose, that its arbitrary character, and the inflamed state of feelings under which it is generally administered, lead to great excesses and abuses. All this is undeniably true. And yet it is equally true, on the other hand, that the right to apply it must exist, and will most certainly be resorted to whenever the authorities are convinced that a resort to it is necessary to avoid greater evils. No society, whatever its form of Government, will submit to see its peace and its very existence endangered from reluctance to use summary means for its own defence. All that can really be done is, to exercise the utmost caution as to the occasion on which it must be employed and the hands to which its execution is confided. Con-

trovery on the general subject, on bases on which the two parties are not and never can be agreed, is really idle.

Precisely the same impossibility of solution applies to the problem which is now so vehemently, and we must say so vaguely, agitated about the so-called right of irregular resistance to invasion by regular soldiers. Civilians who take up arms for the defence of their invaded country or of their own hearths and homes threatened with military occupation are patriots according to one doctrine, robbers according to another. And the two doctrines will certainly continue to prevail in contradiction to each other, without the possibility of decision between them before the tribunal of public opinion or any other tribunal, so long as the great abuse called war continues. War has its recognized code in civilized countries, and acts done within the limits of that code are sanctioned by it. Outside the limits of that code all is vague. There is neither law nor recognized morality. No one can seriously condemn the "partisan" or "freeshooter" or "guerrilla" who is driven into the field either by the sense of personal injury or by love of his country, and takes the life of his uniformed opponent. No one can seriously condemn the military chief who seizes on him and puts him summarily to death. Each acts in obedience to his sense of duty; the one defends his fatherland, the other protects the lives of his soldiers. The only ready award between them is on what we may call (without disrespect) the feminine principle, though commonly adopted in time of need by masculine reasoners also:—I am in the right in this war, you are in the wrong; therefore I may shoot at you from behind a hedge, but you may not retaliate by hanging me.

And no nation was ever so lavish of this kind of reasoning in the mouths of its chieftains as the French, who now have to pay the penalty of many a wanton indulgence in it. The proclamations and despatches of the First Napoleon may be consulted with advantage as a perfect manual of the audacious fallacy which proceeds on the assumption that the speaker is in the right, and therefore that ordinary rules of morality are nullified or reversed as between him and his opponent. In Calabria, the Tyrol, Spain, Russia, his language was always the same: a short shrift, with as little as might be of preliminary inquiry, for the civilian who had slain or resisted a French soldier. There was no effacement of regret, no endeavour

to establish the nice doctrine that a man might be a patriot, a hero or a martyr in the eyes of his own people, and yet must be shot as a victim to the necessary law of self-defence by another people. In those resolute eyes of his they were all "brigands" alike, and their extermination was not only indispensable, but a debt due to justice. And yet, as we all know, when the tables were turned on the great conqueror, the opposite line of doctrine was at once assumed and preached with the same absolute self-confidence. The peasantry of Champagne were urged in 1813 by the most vehement appeals of their Emperor to take up every man his musket, to throw themselves on the rear of the invader, to cut off his stragglers, to annoy him with street-fighting, to remember that every citizen in case of invasion is dispensed from the conventional, professional law of military men, and has to do his best or worst in defence of country and Sovereign. Now the orders of Napoleon were really justifiable in both cases. In regular warfare, neither the invaded peasant who shoots the invading soldier nor the invading officer who commands the execution of the peasant can be condemned according to any recognized principle. The only thing really noticeable is the cynical daring with which Napoleon pronounced judgment on both sides. The recently published extracts from the last Emperor's intercepted correspondence raise a painful reminiscence connected with the same question. Maximilian writes to him from Mexico announcing, though with sensitive regret, the measure into which military pressure had driven him—the proclamation of death to all "guerrillas," that is, bands of Mexican "patriots." They were killing his French soldiers, and from his point of view he had the right to do it; but the exercise of that right cost him his life, and, in strictness, not unrighteously.

These are commonplace maxims, doubtless—though, from the angry passion which the exploits of French *francs-tireurs* on the one side and the retaliation exercised by German soldiers on the other excite, not only in the nations engaged in the strife, but in neutral observers also, it would seem as if they were very easily forgotten. But there is one particular in which their application is, so to speak, novel, and requires very close watching from those who are clear-minded enough to see through the smoke and tumult of the hour. The two irreconcilable principles the opposition of which we have pointed out arose and have been as yet

considered under the hitherto ordinary circumstances of European warfare—a relatively small number of disciplined soldiers engaged against each other on the two sides. In such a case, without pronouncing on abstract moral questions, a fair arbitrator might easily say that it was best with a view to speedy peace—best with a view to humanity—that those who were paid to fight each other should be left to fight it out; and that any violent interference with their proceedings on the part of irregulars, whatever allowance might be made for particular cases, must on the whole be discouraged as contrary to higher interests than those of common patriotism. But it cannot be reasonably denied that modern invasion, as carried on by Germany in the present instance, does require to be looked at and judged from a wider view than that which has hitherto prevailed. The German army, as the admirers of the system boast, is no longer a mere army; it is an armed nation, launched in one fierce impulse against the heart of another nation. Many more than half a million of men armed and uniformed and coming within the denomination of regular soldiers, occupy not a few fortresses and camps, but a considerable part of the surface of France. And myriads more are on their way thither. The “landwehr,” in its conception strictly a defensive army or militia, is converted for the nonce into an invading force, and adds its multitudes to those of the first contingent. Now, under these circumstances it is natural, at all events for the Frenchman, to say that the ordinary conditions of the problem what licence is permitted to civilians against soldiers are a good deal modified. Your army, he may tell the German, is not an army in the old popular sense, but an organized nation; you have the start of me, but you place me under the necessity of rousing up an unorganized nation to meet violence with violence. My franc-tireur is not a brigand and your recruit a soldier because the first is improvised for the occasion and the second has had a couple of years’ drill. Neither is, in the old professional sense, a “militaire” a member of a peculiar caste in the nation, fenced round by recognized privileges. Such, we say, might be the not unnatural reasoning of the Frenchman, were Frenchmen addicted to reasoning instead of hysterics. The terrible consequences to civilization of doctrines sanctioning a *guerre à outrance* are plain enough; but what shall we say of the novel organizing of military nations which suggests such doc-

trines? The truly admirable and unrivalled discipline of the Prussians, the patient spirit of self-denial—for it really seems no less—which in the main controls their armies, may on the other hand justify for the moment on their part a claim that the privileges allowed by international usage to the professional soldier in time of war ought to be extended to their citizen soldiery also. But no one can count on the continuance of such conditions as these. And the only immediate moral to be drawn is this—Let him who disposes of so vast and anomalous a power as the German army of 1870 abridge his employment of it as much as he possibly can. Let him hold the hitherto unheard-of nature of his weapon for an additional reason for being the less exacting as to the terms on which he will sheathe it. Otherwise he provokes another Nemesis besides that which threatens the ordinary conqueror.

From The Spectator.

THE DECADENCE OF FRANCE.

THERE is an idea rapidly gaining ground among our own people, in Germany, and in America which ought to be discussed. Is it not possible, ask grave men, astounded by the events of the war, that France is something more than defeated,—that she is in decadence, that her history is over, and that she will never revive? The question, though only uttered in Germany, is whispered in a great many households in England, and it is well worth a serious discussion. If France is to cease to be, the history of the human race is modified for ever, and the world has lost one of its first advantages, the existence in Europe of an effective and propagandist intellect radically different from the Teuton. Not only the dominion of the world, though that is much, but the dominion of the thoughts of the world will have passed to a single branch of the human race, for the Anglo-Saxon is but the Teuton modified by centuries of freedom. This may be the best, as it is clearly the strongest branch of the human stock, but still a branch with no right and no capacity to supersede humanity. *Primâ facie*, many of the events of the war justify those who apprehend so frightful a calamity. Fighting power, if not a high form of power in a race, is an essential form if the race is to keep its independence, and France appears to superficial observers to have lost its fighting power. We all,

friends and enemies alike, ask with General Blumenthal, in simple amazement, what change has come over the French? Why do they run away? The linesmen who in one place — Metz — fight to the death, everywhere else run, or capitulate, or mutiny, or do something or other for which explanation seems as difficult as apology. The citizens in many places give themselves up on mere rumours of a German advance. The departments seem utterly unable to organize anything, not only an army, but a regiment, a company, anything of any value for defence. No leaders, it is said, turn up even in civil matters, and not only no leaders, but no policies, nothing even like the vague but triumphant thought expressed in Lincoln's rude formula, "We must keep on pegging away." Vast regions full of men and wealth and spirit sit apparently inert, doing nothing, while in the occupied districts Frenchmen seem cowed to such a point that they dare not even attempt to cut a railway. What can it all mean, if it be not that France is in decay, that the attack has not made ruin, but only revealed it?

It is horribly true, all that, and yet we believe we may absolutely reject the deduction pessimists are inclined to draw. We should reject it even if all the facts were unfavourable, believing that a people, like an individual, may be temporarily paralyzed, that no conclusion can fairly be formed as to the condition of a nation from an experience of only six weeks; but many of the facts are favourable to France in a high degree. Take those, first of all, which affect the question of military spirit. The Army, as a whole, has shown want of discipline, want of staying power, and want of self-reliance; but, till disheartened by the revelation of the incompetence of its chiefs, it fought fairly well, and one section of it, exactly like the rest in all but discipline, has displayed a courage, tenacity, and carelessness of life worthy of the best days of France. It may be said that the soldiery ought to be more stubborn even if badly led, but the answer to that is that they never have been, that all the triumphs of France have been accomplished with armies of highly nervous, excitable men, of not very high physique, who make good leadership their condition of victory. That is not the English condition, and may not be the German; but it has always been the French, at least since the Revolution allowed the rank and file to form an opinion on their commanders. Outside the Line, again, the people have revealed in the majority of instances a very high

degree of spirit. Trochu has with him a hundred thousand men who in reality, if not in appearance, are volunteers, power to coerce them having disappeared; and they behave, even according to hostile accounts, very well indeed, holding their ground after the linesmen have retreated, — a dreadful trial to raw recruits. These men are provincials, and at least two hundred thousand more of them are in arms "behind the Loire" and in the South, and seem by all accounts determined men. The stories about the fall of Orleans, which, by the way, are absurdly misconceived both at Versailles and in England, do not affect the Mobiles, who stand as long as their Generals will let them, or their want of artillery renders standing possible. The citizens of Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles have shown equal readiness, the Lyonnese in particular having faced an insurrection with the utmost determination, and have organized themselves so fairly, that France may be said in six weeks to have produced a hundred infantry regiments of 3,000 men each by voluntary enlistment. They are badly armed, equipped, and drilled; they have new and therefore ignorant officers, and they are deficient in subordination off parade; but those lamentable facts only show how strong the spirit must be which brings them in such masses to the front. One victory, one sound piece of evidence that they can beat Germans, that the latter are fighting men and not genii, and these men will be formidable soldiers, — unable, it may be, to defeat Prussians — who are clearly the most tenacious fighters in the world — but able to make victory worthless to them. The French, be it remembered, are not fighting for home and hearth. They can have peace to-morrow by surrendering a strip of territory of which they have scarcely heard, but that surrender involves humiliation for France, and they fight on, not very confidently, for they see the regulars run, and not very ably, for they have no leader, but still with resolute pluck. So far from thinking that France shows signs of martial decadence, we think she shows signs that her people have improved, that they are more ready to fight than they have ever been, much more ready than in 1713 or 1815.

Then, as to civil capacity, look to the whole record, instead of part of it. Look how swiftly and strongly the National Guard of Paris — not the Mobiles, who were outside — poured to the assistance of the Government when threatened by the Reds, — poured in an instant, with

clear determination to put disorder down. Or read the really wonderful account, by a most hostile critic, of the way in which the Battalion Croix Rousse at Lyons, 3,000 workmen — silkweavers who, two months ago, never saw a rifle — swept Cluseret and his followers into space on behalf of a Prefect whom they disliked, but who represented order. Could Colonel T. Hughes's regiment have done better? Even these dangerous Reds are most dangerous because of the revolutionary energy with which they desire to defend France, and take for their leader a man wild enough no doubt in his ideas about property, but with some brains. Cluseret's plan for forming an army by a conscription under penalty of death, and the substitution of the non-commissioned officers for the distrusted caste, was as a revolutionary scheme, the ablest yet propounded, and has, in part, been accepted by Gambetta. Men say every day there are no leaders, but let us just look at that. Natural leaders, of course, there are none, for Senators, Deputies, officials, Generals, were all Imperialists, and the aristocracy has apparently ducked under, but where but in France could civil chiefs be so rapidly improvised, or so readily obeyed? Here is a Marseillaise lawyer, of Genoese extraction, who drops out of a balloon, remarks that he is going to save France if he can, and from Tours to Marseilles accumulates all authority into his own hands. Who is "pronouncing" against Gambetta? The leader has not yet appeared — whenever did the Man of Destiny turn up in six weeks? — but what other country ever improvised a Government so well out of such materials, built a working machine by such a device as entrusting a Dictatorship to the members for the Capital? Just imagine the sort of obedience English counties would pay to self-elected Secretaries of State, representing London vestries, and supposed to be of dangerous, though uncertain political tendencies! We do not know all or much that this Government is doing, but we do know that it finds money to go on, that it has fortified Paris, that it has established two centres of government; that it is improvising armies, one of which — the Parisian one — impresses Baron von Moltke — not a bad judge of such things — with evident respect; that it is creating an artillery; that it does somehow carry on the official life of France. *How* it does it we do not know, for no correspondent so much as alludes to such matters; but it does it somehow, and that in the teeth of gigantic difficulties, — such, for example,

as the "League of the Fifteen Departments," that is, of a virtual declaration of independence on the part of Southern France. That very declaration shows a power of local action which, badly managed as it is everywhere, is a sign of life, of political vigour and capacity we had scarcely expected in the provinces of France. That the old machinery did not work, that France did not, as the Germans at first expected, fight from department to department, raising ever new levies in regular fashion as the Hohenzollerns would have done, is true, the failure being the necessary consequence of the Revolution; but the Republicans show everywhere that the old creative power still exists, and is stimulated by one of the greatest safeguards of States, a strong, indeed an almost overweening sense of patriotism. It may be very silly, as some Englishmen may think, for France not to yield and confess herself beaten; but the refusal itself, the certainty expressed by all travellers that any Government which agreed to cede territory would be destroyed, is of itself a proof that the national spirit has not decayed, that revival is not far off, and may be very near at hand. The State organization of France has perished, but not France.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
ALGERIA AND THE FRENCH.

RUMOURS of threatened disturbances in Algeria sound so plausible that we are inclined to discredit them. They seemed so inevitable that the report was sure to be invented, and the only mystery is that troubles should not have broken out before. There was a French colony, composed of a flying population of Frenchmen, subsidized and cherished more or less directly by a paternal government — men who lived and toiled, but looked no farther than the morrow when they should be restored in possession of a competence to the embraces of La belle France. There was a native population, half reclaimed — an inferior caste, hewers of wood and drawers of water. And these were girdled in by a chain of posts, entrenched within a line of fortresses against Kabyles of the Atlas and Arabs of the desert. The colonists, French and native, were as unlike the stuff to make good a military frontier — as unlike the inhabitants of the Austrian military frontier on the lower Danube, for example — as could well be imagined.

French spirit is apt to evaporate and French muscle and fibre to deteriorate under a sultry African sun. Moreover, the policy of the Empire was to relegate the colonists to the works of peace, to set them to develop the resources of the soil under the protection of a strong military guard. When Algeria was a *place d'armes*, a training ground for the overgrown forces of a vast military system, civilian soldiers would have been a superfluity and a nuisance. Accordingly no newly settled country, in the close vicinity of dangerous neighbours, was ever more paralyzed for defensive purposes. They were taught to rely implicitly upon others. There might be a black storm brewing on the desert horizon, but it scarcely troubled the settlers of the settled provinces more than an Indian mutiny of our own does the farmers of Kent. There was a strong, almost an excessive garrison of regulars, and it could be reinforced to any extent at a moment's notice, for Marseilles and Toulon were within easy sail of Algiers, Constantine, and Bona. But, in spite of all that, every now and then the old fire which nearly scorched the Orleans Government and their marshals out of the country would blaze out. Semi-barbarians are slow to yield to the logic of facts; and a population that prizes freedom nearly as much as life, and delights in war above all earthly pastimes, is scarcely to be persuaded to accept the ordeal of battle as conclusive. Like a dull man, they are always ready to reopen the familiar argument, although in the foregone certainty of its leading up to the same inevitable conclusion. Add to that, in the case of the Arabs, that element of fanaticism which is a perfectly unknown quantity, and you had a tense situation which always kept the French outposts on the *qui vive*. You cannot calculate even upon the prudence of grey-headed statesmen and veteran warriors when they have to count with the passions of the people they lead. These elderly children doubtless dreaded the French fire they had *essayé* so often and with such fatal effect; they knew the French generals had graduated in their system of desert warfare, and in perfecting the flying column had bridged the fosse interposed by a foodless, waterless waste. But then their sagest statecraft was at the mercy of any prophet-descended santon, of any marabout who had established his claims to sanctity by a life of filth and privation, who chose to preach a holy crusade and set a torch to the powder magazine. The French at the best of times lived on the borders of a smouldering

crater, and the constant precautions they took against the event of an eruption evinced their sense of its likelihood.

How do things stand in Algeria now? The Arabs were bridled before by French prestige and French material force. For the former, the Germans are at Versailles, the Emperor is at Wilhelmshöhe, and the soldiers whose names were familiar in the Arab tents as household words are for the most part dead or disgraced, or they have disappeared. For the latter, the country is held by an enfeebled garrison, practically cut off from communication with its French *dépôt*, and its supports, so far as Algerian claims are concerned, totally annihilated. Nor in all probability is the quality of the remaining Algerian garrison what it used to be. True, they have not been driven out of entrenched positions by the Germans, they have never broken ground before landwehr, nor changed retreat into rout at the sight of the Uhlan uniforms. But demoralization is contagious; and the solidarity of sentiment in a grand army holds good in disaster as after a long succession of triumphs. They themselves know, and the Arabs are also aware of it, that they no longer belong to the invincibles of France. Our own Indian experiences show us how evil news spreads among the Orientals who are interested in hearing it. Secrets are so well kept where religion and hate of race mingle with politics, where death is the sure penalty of indiscretion, that the war is apt to precede its proclamation, and the country to be wrapped in flame before you suspect that old animosities are smouldering anew. It is not difficult to understand what must be the feeling of the high-spirited tribes of the Sahara towards the people who crushed them by overwhelming numbers and superior science joined to diplomacy. If Abdel-Kader has really loyally accepted his defeat, we may take it for certain he does not represent the feelings of his race. The Arabs must surely feel that France's extremity is Algeria's opportunity; and if they do it is hard to conceive what arguments will persuade them to hold their hands. Before them is a dispirited, distracted people, demoralized by defeat, and looking anxiously over their shoulders for support that cannot come for many a day. Behind them are their co-religionists of Morocco, whose sympathy they are sure of, and who have frequently offered them active assistance, spite of the dread of France. Morocco would be too glad to see the continent of Africa rid of an infidel Power — of a people that diminishes her legitimate in-

fluence, and despises her as barbarian. If the Arabs want arms or allies, they have had ample time to buy and smuggle in the one or to recruit the other from the fierce tribes of the Riff coast or the regency of Tunis. We remember a thrilling little episode in "Eöthen," where, fallen among thieves, the author professes himself utterly at a loss to conceive what could be the arguments urged by those of the tribe who proposed letting him pass unharmed on his way. That episode seems to us eloquently expressive of the present state of things in Algeria. We confess ourselves quite unable to suggest a reason for the extraordinary tranquillity of the Arabs. Mr. Kinglake said, we remember, that he fancied the mechanical click of his pistol locks, as he cocked and uncocked them, may have sensibly influenced the course of the discussion. It may be that the gallant attitude of the French troops has its effect in the Desert councils. After all, compared to our own case in India, the French will have every advantage of preparation and numbers, and it may be that even the fiery Arabs think discretion the better part of valour.

Of course the French cannot retire from Algeria now, but may they not be tempted to do so later? Perhaps the Arabs may be sage enough to understand that the course of events may give them more surely all they could gain by open war. Of what value has Algeria been to France? It has demonstrated that Frenchmen were not born to colonize, even at their own doors and in a climate and among productions closely resembling those of Provence. In Algeria the French have paid an enormous price for colonial failure. Algeria has given them a framework for the corps of Zouaves and recruited them regiments of Turcos, and thereby damaged their excessive claims to civilization. That placing the Turcos at the head of the host that was to civilize Germany may in the end be the cause of troubles unnumbered to France. Finally, the occupation of Algeria gave France that training ground she was so proud of; that training ground which, in the opinion of the ablest German strategists and by the avowal of the best French generals, has been the proximate cause of her present disasters. Having learned their lessons among semi-savages, the Frenchmen found themselves "plucked" when they came up for competitive examination with scientific soldiers. The next French Government must perforce be one of retrenchment, but it is doubtful whether any Government would

venture to propose retirement from Algeria for any consideration of economy or on the ground that it is a costly encumbrance. But we cannot help fearing there may be troubles in store for Algeria before the arrangement of its future goes beyond the domain of speculation.

From The Athenæum.

PARIS AND THE WAR.

(Par Ballon Monte.)

PARIS, Sept. 21, 1870.

IMPRISONED in Paris! Pleasant prison, perhaps some will say; but it is not the bird that enjoys the gilding of the cage, and besides, it is sadly tarnished. Paris is now a dusty, unkempt garrison town, full of armed men, or rather boys; the gay carriages are replaced by heavy wagons and carts laden with the most vulgar but most welcome merchandise; and the horsemen are replaced by mounted troopers and strings of led horses, not Arabian. The *cafés* are almost deserted, except just at the moment of the appearance of the papers, and they are all closed at ten o'clock; the great jewellers' shops are stripped of their diamonds, and mostly closed by iron shutters, and the few that remain open exhibit a few pieces of silver or electro-plate, more by way of sign than stock; there is scarcely a note in any money-changer's window; the famous pastrycooks' are deserted, and the appearance of a well-dressed lady is so rare in the streets that every one turns to regard her, and half the world set her down as a spy. Fancy, if you can, Paris without *sergents de ville* or police of any kind, with a great sprinkling of drunkards, and troops of beggars; it is said that numbers of the vagabonds expelled by the late Government have returned, and I believe this to be true; and although there has been little disorder, there is danger of it, and the Government must do something to ensure the peace of the streets.

The journals are dropping off one by one. The *Official Journal* is reduced to a half-sheet, for fear of exhausting its stock of paper, and those which continue to appear all repeat each other, having little else to give us but accounts of the doings of the army, with comments and suggestions. Since Sunday the 18th inst. not a paper or letter has reached us from England or elsewhere. On Tuesday not a single postman visited the quarter where I reside, and I believe that not a single bag

of letters has been got out of town and sent on its way. If this does not indicate imprisonment, in an intellectual sense, it is difficult to say what does.

Of course the chance of this reaching you is small, but I shall continue to send you such scraps as I think may be welcome, should they escape the vigilance of the enemy, twice a week; and having thus thrown my leaves on the waters, hope that by some chance the stream may bear them to your door. I may mention that the *Athenæum* reached me only on Saturday, but that other journals are missing. The enemy is all around us; there has been fighting at the foot of the Meudon hills, at Clamart, Châtillon, Fontenai-aux-Roses, Villejuif, and Vanvres, almost under the walls of Paris. General Duerot was out for two days with a considerable force, but only his artillery did anything, the weight and range of that of the enemy preventing the possibility of bringing many of the troops into the action. A regiment of Zouaves, principally young recruits grafted on to the remnant of a regiment, it is said, behaved very badly, were joined by a number of men belonging to other regiments, and fled in complete disorder: a court-martial is being held on them to-day, and the population is furious against them. The Garde Mobile in one case was seized with panic, threw away everything, and fled in utter disorder; while a corps of the National Guard, on the contrary, behaved admirably, kept the bridge of Sèvres all day long against constant attacks of cavalry, and enabled the engineers to complete the arrangements for its destruction. This bridge, as well as those of Saint-Cloud and Billancourt, have now all been destroyed. Last night, the 20th, a considerable force went out in the direction of Saint-Ouen and Saint-Denis, and while I write I hear cannonading going on in that direction.

William of Prussia has made his headquarters in the town whence Louis le Grand thundered forth his edicts to the Rhine, and Versailles once again aims at ruling France, while the Crown Prince takes up his quarters at Saint-Germain, and doubtless hopes to follow the example of Henri Quatre and bring Paris to his feet, and that without the concession of the mass. It is positively asserted, though not officially, that Jules Favre left Paris for the King's head-quarters on Sunday morning, and the *Electeur Libre*, which is under the direction of M. Picard, says—"The Vice President of the Government would not have undertaken such a mission

without the certainty of being received in a manner worthy of France and the well-founded hope of a good solution. Lord Lyons would not have interfered in the matter, nor Jules Favre quitted his post in order to bring back a rebuff. There is, then, reason to believe that an armistice will be concluded, and that peace will soon be the result,—an honourable peace: France will accept no other." This sounds encouraging, but I do not think the population put much faith in it. It is said that on Friday last M. de Bismarck said to a diplomatist that he did not intend to bombard Paris, for that such an act would draw upon him more hatred and contumely than the place was worth; but that he would make all sacrifices to invest it entirely, if it took a year to do it.

The Statue of Strasbourg continues to be the most attractive object in Paris; it is so loaded with flowers, wreaths, flags, and inscriptions that scarcely anything but the face is visible; it is said that an inscription is about to be engraved on the pedestal, to the following effect:—"Siege of Strasbourg, 1870. Heroic resistance of General Urich. Aux héros Strasbourgeois. La patrie reconnaissante."

The alteration in the inscription on all the public establishments is being carried out systematically; the Provisional Government has appointed a *citoyen*, whose name has escaped me, to erase the word *Impériale* and replace it by *Nationale* everywhere. The unfortunate bas-relief of Louis Napoleon on horseback, placed over the great new entrance to the Place du Carrousel, has disappeared, and the inscriptions and insignia are being removed from the New Opera House. This building, by the way, has been inaugurated at last; it has become a great military dépôt. In the first place, it being known that there was a large supply of water below, an immense cavity has been cut in the concrete and a great reservoir formed for the supply of the engines in case of fire in the neighbourhood; in the compartments beneath the stage are stored a strange assortment of objects: first, all the books and manuscripts belonging to the Opera; and, secondly all kinds of provisions, except hay and straw, and immense quantities of ammunition of all sorts except powder—wheat, oats, flour, preserved meats, and wine sufficient to supply the army for a month, mountains of balls, and quantities of equipments. Hundreds of railway vans were emptied into it in the early part of the week. On the main floor is established an ambulance; above this, huge

kitchens for the preparation of soldiers' soup; while on the roof, in front of Apollo and between the Pegasus and the Muses, are erected an observatory, a semaphore and electric light. Such is the inauguration of the somewhat tawdry and overgrown temple of music and dancing. The Imperial carriage-way was found vastly useful in conveying the beds for the wounded to the main floor, and the Imperial pavilion will form an admirable dispensary. The housing of the poor creatures driven into Paris from the suburbs has given great trouble. Many have found shelter in empty houses; some have erected places that sadly resemble pigsties in gardens and bits of vacant ground, and the Northern, and perhaps other railways, have taken a most admirable and benevolent step—they have devoted all the carriages to these unfortunate people, each family having one or more compartments to itself, and furnish all that require them with provisions.

I have just heard that M. Jules Favre's visit to the Prussian head-quarters is a complete failure. He found the King and M. de Bismarck at Meaux; had an interview with the latter, from whom he could obtain nothing satisfactory, and returned to Paris last night; so the hopes of an armistice or of immediate peace are dashed to the ground.

The Mobiles from Brittany seem determined to win a name. Before going out to fight the other day they had a wild national *danse* to the tune of their own horns and bagpipes!

September 30.

OUR letters continue to go out, and, we hope, in safety, by balloon; in one instance we have notice of arrival outside the Prussian lines by pigeon express. The day before yesterday a larger quantity than usual left Paris—two large balloons and a small one being united together by transverse poles, to which the cars were attached. These balloons carry Government agents, as well as letters, which are now limited to four grammes in weight; but a system of postal cards has been established: these are of a certain size—about that of an ordinary envelope, and must not weigh more than three grammes; they are to be despatched by small free balloons, and take their chance; and there is no doubt that an immense number of persons will avail themselves of this mode of sending a few words to their friends. We are still without a single letter from England. I hear that ar-

rangements have been made for diplomatic couriers to pass the enemy's lines: cannot our Foreign Office do something for private correspondence also?

We have been very quiet for some days outside, and there is a hope that the enemy is in great difficulties about food: the *francs-tireurs* have done something to increase that difficulty—they have blown up the tunnel at Saverne, on the Eastern line, and thus interrupted the communication with Germany. It was a daring undertaking, performed effectually, almost under the eyes of the Prussian sentinels; and the damage done would take a long time to repair. The *francs-tireurs* are exhibiting the greatest daring and skill upon all occasions. New forces are expected in a few days from several quarters, and the enemy may find himself between two fires, and, as he is not likely to throw up the game, there is a belief that a sudden and vigorous dash will be made at our fortifications; in fact, it was looked for to-day; and when I heard cannonading at daybreak this morning, I imagined the assault was about to be made; but the enemy must first pass the line of forts, which is not easy, and this is what they may have tried this morning. In order to guard against surprise, we have quite an army outside the walls now every night.

The weather is superb, even hot—I never remember such an autumn; but we sigh over it, as favourable to the condition of the enemy's army.

We cannot tell when the Constituent Assembly may be able to meet, but the Chamber has been completely arranged to contain 764 representatives of the people, with places for the press and the public as before.

M. Jules Simon is not content that even the siege should put a total stop to education. He has made arrangements for opening some of the *lycées* and public schools for day scholars, who may stay all day in the building, provided they carry their *déjeuners* with them. In the case of the primary schools, it is said that on account of the absence of so many of the parents, the children will, for the present, be fed as well as taught. Considering the enormous difficulty of getting anything attended to but military matters, M. Jules Simon's perseverance is most praiseworthy.

The public libraries, like the galleries, are all closed for the present, and precautions of all kinds are taken against accidents. The windows of the Louvre, the

Ecole des Beaux Arts and other places are being filled up with sacks of earth, and large vessels of water are arranged in all the galleries; while the courts are all unpaved, or covered with sand. The most precious manuscripts have been removed into the safest places available; and, lastly, all the persons engaged in the establishments are formed into corps, and will keep guard alternately night and day. M. Arsene Houssaye, who has been re-appointed Inspector of Fine Arts for the provinces, has issued a circular to all the keepers of galleries and museums, respecting the means to be adopted against accident. The disappearance of the splendid collection of armour from Pierrefonds caused considerable sensation, as it was believed it had been sent out of the country, but it has been found packed and stored at the Louvre. I am sorry to find that the destruction of the portrait of Marceau, and that of La Smala, by Horace Vernet, is confirmed; such wanton destruction of works of art is disgraceful to the country of so many admirable artists.

I may mention that, amongst other changes of name, the Lycée Napoléon is now called Lycée Corneille, and another Lycée Descartes.

New money is about to be coined, and M. Charles Blanc has addressed a letter on the subject to the *Temps*. He claims for the coin of a country the importance of a national monument, and protests against anything of an inferior character being produced, and that it should not be disfigured by the effigy of any individual, and adds — "No artist of Corinth, Athens, Syracuse, &c. would have consented to have struck such a figure as that which for twenty years has made the press groan in France." He demands that France "should cause to disappear from circulation the head of a man who, having drawn the barbarians upon us, capitulated to them. The continuance of that laurelled head would be a scandal. . . . Are those the laurels of Sedan which encircle the head of the Cæsar of yesterday? it would be asked. . . . The coins that circulate from hand to hand should not exhibit an image which is so offensive." M. Blanc proposes the adoption of the die of the second Dupré, — Hercules between Liberty and Equality, with the motto, *Union et Force*, cut in 1792. The die was altered somewhat in 1849: the Cap of Liberty on a pike was changed for the hand of Justice, and the motto to *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*. M. Charles Blanc prefers the original form, but the new Government has adopted the

latter: it is now to be seen at the windows of all the police stations in Paris, and, nonsensical as it is, I suppose it will be adopted on the coin also. The matter might be compromised by having no motto at all.

Citizen Courbet, artist, painter, and president of the commission for the preservation of the museums and objects of art belonging to the nation, has proposed to the Government that the metal plates of the Column of Vendôme shall be used up by the mint; he gives as his reasons that the work has no artistic value whatever, that it commemorates war and conquest, which are offensive to a republican nation, to the genius of modern civilization, and to the universal fraternity which ought to prevail; and, lastly, that it renders France ridiculous in the eyes of democratic Europe. M. Courbet also suggests the same application of the statue of the Emperor Napoleon, which lately stood at Courbevoys, but has disappeared — *Iconoclast, va!*

The *Maires* of Paris have held an assembly under the presidency of Citizen Floquet, at the Hôtel de Ville. At this meeting the question of the separation of Church and State was raised, but left to be discussed by the Constituent Assembly after the Peace, at the suggestion of M. Jules Ferry, a member of the Government.

A postman who left Paris on the 20th inst. with fourteen packets of letters for the Departments, got back safely on the 27th. He went by Neuilly, Saint-Denis, Maisons-Laffitte, Chanteloup, Trul, Meulan, Mantes and Vernon, and brought in with him about 150 letters. Y.

From The Saturday Review.
TERMS OF PEACE.

THE question on what terms peace can be made is rapidly becoming the one great subject of pressing importance. So far as human foresight can go, the reduction of Metz and Paris is only a matter of time, and not of a very long time. Either peace must be possible by Christmas time or the war will drift into a totally new phase, and France will only not make peace because it will be too despairing and broken down, too completely a prey to anarchy and confusion, to be able or willing to treat with the enemy. But peace is by no means impossible now. Bazaine is in treaty with the Germans, and although he has no recognized authority,

yet any terms of peace which he was prepared to recommend France to accept would have a great chance of finding favour with his countrymen. Every rumour points to the fact that some steps have been lately taken, and are still being taken, to bring about an understanding between the German leaders and the two or three men in France whose acquiescence might probably determine that of the country generally. If General Trochu and Bazaine, and two or three of the leading members of the Committee of Defence, were to agree in recommending terms of peace, the country would perhaps be disinclined to continue the struggle. It is scarcely to be expected that the Republican Government should assume all the odium of making a humiliating peace; but if the necessity of bowing to evil fortune were enforced on Frenchmen by the authority of General Trochu and Bazaine, who are the only two military leaders whose names now command much respect, and of whom the first is said to be an Orléanist and the latter an Imperialist, the most important parties in France would possibly consider themselves sufficiently represented to yield to the opinion thus expressed. There would of course be a howl of indignation from the furious section of the population of the towns; but France has repeatedly shown that it can and will defy the clamour of these useless and dangerous and utterly ignorant people, provided that the rest of society makes up its mind to act together. There is one thing, however, that is certain. No peace is possible unless it involves the cession of some portion of French territory. The Germans insist on this, and will insist on it, and the first question is whether the French can make up their minds to acquiesce in it. At present they all say that they would never dream of such a thing; to which the Germans reply that they must be made to feel they have no choice. It appears to be the policy of the German leaders to put France under some novel and extreme pressure before any further discussion of the terms of peace is held. Metz may be made to capitulate, two or three of the forts near Paris may be reduced by the heavy guns which may any day open on them, and a few more of the large and flourishing towns of the North-west and the Centre of France may be put under requisitions by the invaders. We do not know whether this may be necessary and wise, or not. It is sufficient that the Germans think it so. They are going to try this last means of bringing

the French to their senses. But if they succeed they will only have made the French see what outsiders think is evident already, that they are hopelessly beaten. We then may already begin to ask on what terms peace is possible, and although it is for the parties to the negotiation to settle the details, it is not very difficult to trace the limits within which negotiations must be conducted.

The first thing is to determine whether any of the plans which have been proposed for avoiding the cession of French territory will hold water. Three such plans have been put before the public. The first was that which had the countenance of the manifesto of the late Emperor, a document said to be apocryphal, but which was too characteristic not to have come from him indirectly. This proposal was that the fortresses of Alsace and Lorraine should be dismantled, and that the French should engage not to rebuild them. If such a treaty could be permanently enforced, it would attain the object which the Germans say is most at their heart. It would constitute a very strong protection against an attack from the side of France. But experience shows that such treaties cannot be permanently enforced, and are a constant source of irritation and quarrelling. Germany would, under such a treaty, have a right to add fortress to fortress up to the edge of French territory, while France would be obliged to leave her Eastern provinces defenceless. The inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine would be Frenchmen whom France could not protect, and their impatience under this, and the profound humiliation which Frenchmen would feel at being obliged to neglect their complaints, would make a lasting peace impossible. Germany, too, would have to watch every building erected in the large towns of three or four French departments to see that what were called barracks or public offices or railway stations were not really capable of being used as military strongholds, and the accusations and evasions which this would cause would keep open a continual sore between the two countries. From the German point of view it must be allowed that this would be very little for the conquerors at Sedan and the masters of Metz and Paris to exact. The next proposal was that the strip of territory lying between the Vosges and the Rhine should be given to neutral Powers, such as Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, so that France and Germany should no longer touch each other. To

this proposal the objections are, first, that the population thus transferred would not wish to be transferred, and it would be a most high-handed proceeding for the neutral Powers to make Swiss or Dutchmen of Alastians and Lorrainers, and, secondly, that the nations to which the transfer was made would be equally disinclined to accept it. Switzerland would be forsaking all the traditions of her prudent policy if she ran the enormous risk of engaging to defend her new territory against a great Power until her distant guarantors could come to her assistance. These objections are so obvious and so fatal that a third proposal has been made this week, which is that England, Austria, and Russia should engage to go to war against that one of the two present combatants who should originate a new war against the other. It showed great courage to make a proposal so utterly chimerical. England would indeed be mad if she were a party to any such arrangement. Our fortunes and our honour would be perpetually endangered by the intrigues and schemes of foreign diplomatists. Incessant efforts would be made to break up this new and most unstable alliance between England and two distant Powers. It would be curious to ask the inventor of this plan what he conceives the value of the arrangement would be to Germany, supposing England and Russia were engaged in a great Oriental war. It would come to this, that Austria would have undertaken to help Germany; and she would certainly fulfil this engagement or not, exactly as she thought best for her own interests. Austria and Russia, again, may any day come into conflict for the possession of the Danube, and then all that the Germans would have got as the price of their victories would be that England would be more or less bound to side with Germany; and as on many recent occasions English statesmen of both parties have explained what they consider to be the real force of guarantees, it would be most rash if the Germans expected England to take an active part with them when the emergency arose.

Germany must have something much more solid. It has got a great opportunity now, and it cannot be expected to throw away its chance. It wants French soil and it wants French money. It wants to hold a stronger position for the future, and to hold this position in its own hands, and not to trust to any of the devices or assurances of neutrals or of the French themselves. It also wants to be paid for

the expenses of the war. The only real practical point to discuss is, how much territory is to be ceded and how much money is to be paid. We may set out with saying that the Germans cannot be expected to give up Strasburg. It is close to Germany—so close that it has laid a German town in ruins. It offers a bulwark for the protection of South Germany, and the German leaders have publicly announced that their honour is pledged to South Germany that her hearty co-operation in the war shall at least be so far rewarded that she shall for the future have Strasburg German. Strasburg and the expenses of the war, up at least to a limit which France can reasonably hope to pay by an addition to her public debt, are the very least the Germans can at the outset of the negotiations be invited to accept. What more will they ask? Metz will be in their hands, we must suppose, when the terms of peace are being discussed, and they will inquire why they should give it up. The only two arguments that will have, we should suppose, any weight with them are, that they run the risk of losing in money what they gain in territory, and that if the cession of Strasburg and of Metz is to carry with it the cession of Alsace and German Lorraine, they will run the further risk of having to rule a population permanently disaffected to them. If they ask for so much territory that France is driven to despair, they will obviously lose in their pockets. They will enormously increase their own expenditure, while they will deprive France of the power of ultimately recouping them. France might probably be able to raise a very large sum as she stands now in order to pay Germany; but if the war lingered on till provincial France was ruined, till society was broken up, till the resources of the country were really dried up, she would not be able to get the money, or to bear the increased taxation required to defray the interest of the sum borrowed to pay the Germans. It would have been impossible for the Northern States at the close of the American civil war to ask for a money payment from the Southern States, for the Southern States were utterly ruined. If the Germans please, they may, after taking Paris and Metz, retire to the line of the Moselle, hold Metz and Strasburg, demolish the other forts of Lorraine and Alsace, and only vary a defensive war by occasionally dealing a crushing blow to the rising military force of France. If they did this they would in all probability hold

Alsace and Lorraine in spite of everything the French could do to prevent them. But they would lose all hope of getting their war expenses repaid, while the sum of these expenses would be greatly increased. To ask for too much territory, therefore, means for Germany to incur an avoidable outlay of so many millions of money that we have no means of estimating their amount. There is, too, a political danger in annexing to Germany a population that is hostile to it. But it is very difficult to say how far the population of Lorraine and Alsace is hostile to Germany now, and still more is it difficult to say whether this hostility would last. Of course there can be no doubt that French Lorraine would be permanently hostile, but it would be difficult to prove to a German that this would be the case with German Lorraine and Alsace. All the parallels of Ireland, Poland, and Venetia appear irrelevant. It is more to the purpose to ask whether, if France were strong enough to take and keep, and shield from the dangers of future wars, our Channel Islands—whether we believe that, loyal as they now are to the Crown, they

would feel a permanent hostility to France. Well as Strasburg was defended, the most trustworthy reports show that every day it becomes more and more contented with being reunited to Germany. Strasburg is for many reasons an instance exceptionally favourable to Germany, but the argument from the presumed hostility of the population seems really an argument as to the quantity of territory to be ceded. With Strasburg, and a small portion of territory along the border, given to Germany, there might be no hostility at all. With too much exacted there might be a population incorporated in Germany which would be permanently French. Metz, again, is not necessary to protect Germany so much as to weaken France; and although Count Bismark may begin by asking for Metz, it by no means follows that he could not be induced to recognize the distinction. The key to peace is for France to become aware that Strasburg and some further indefinite quantity of territory must be given up, and then, with the assistance of friendly Powers like England, to get Germany to discuss fairly how much that further quantity is to be.

A STORY comes across the sea, from one of the numerous light-ships that define our coast, which is highly curious if the inference from the facts be correctly drawn. A light-keeper relating his experience of the common tendency of sea birds to dash towards the lanterns and settle upon the rigging of light-vessels, adds that he has noticed the birds remain on the ship if the night has been cloudy, but take their departure as soon as the stars have become visible. Hence he infers that the birds are enabled to shape their course for land by the stars, thus proving themselves astronomers by instinct. Strange if true: and it may be true, for animals have powers of observation of which we have small conception. But we rather suspect that the bird eyeing a star, flies towards it as towards a terrestrial light, ignorant of its distance. They who have studied the seemingly mad flight of winged things against lamps and bright windows, are pretty confident that the light is rushed at as an aperture of escape from darkness. The tendency of animate things is to seek light spaces; and when we see a bird or a moth dash at a flame, we may be sure from the very force and rapidity of its motion, that it regards the bright spot as a hole or window, through which it can dart into some space more brilliantly illuminated than that in which it is flying. Put a few flies into a bottle, and lay it

uncorked with the bottom towards a source of light; the flies will crowd to the lightward end and never attempt to escape by the open neck. Turn the glass prison neck to light, and the flies will escape directly. Glass is a substance out of a low creature's cognizance. Flies, birds, and animals dash stunningly against windows, because they know not of the invisible barrier. Lighthouse-keepers see birds maimed and killed by the force with which they come against the lanterns. In all such cases the behaviour of the animal shows that it mistakes the light for a hole. And we can easily conceive a night bird rising after rest upon a ship and directing its flight in the direction of a star. We commend this subject to the study of naturalists; if examination should confirm the old light-ship keeper's notion that sea birds are guided by the stars, all the more interesting will the study become.

Gentleman's Magazine.

SINCE Mr. Howlett wrote his paper lately read before the British Association, another synodal revolution of the sun has again manifested a marvellous display of spots in the same regions of the northern hemisphere.

Athenæum.

From The Examiner.
RUSSIA'S OPPORTUNITY.

WE shall not have long to wait for the European consequences of the ruin and partition of France. The power of the West to hold in check the ambitious schemes of the two great military States of Central and Eastern Europe has been suddenly paralyzed, and the minor States of the Continent, both North and South, lie at their mercy. While the issue of the campaign on the Moselle was doubtful, Russia pretended to be asleep. Her Government would do, and her journalists would say, nothing. For family reasons, her diplomacy was actively and successfully exerted to prevent the Danes from committing themselves to open sympathy with France. But not even for form's sake could the Czar be persuaded to articulate audibly a word on behalf of Belgium. If Uncle William found it necessary to infringe the neutrality of Luxembourg or Brabant, Alexander II., like a good nephew, would not interfere to prevent him. The turn of subsequent events took Russia doubtless by surprise, and found her unprepared. Her war department, long the paradise of jobbing and malversation of all kinds, had not even made up its mind about the pattern of the improved musket to be supplied to the army; her commissariat was on a peace footing, and her military chest was well nigh empty. The first impulses of jealousy at German success were appeased by exultation at the humiliation of the victor of Malakoff; and second thoughts inspired the policy of going in with the winner, exulting with the fortunate, and conferring decorations on the princely leaders of the conquering host. Still, it is certain that Prince Gortschakoff no more anticipated the collapse of the French Empire, and the capture of the French army and its chief, than certain diplomatists and Ministers nearer home; and until within the last few weeks there was consequently no need to note particularly the speech or writing of the classes who, for the most part, have lain politically dormant in the dominions of the Czar during the last ten years. But the catastrophe of Sedan has waked up Russia as by the stroke of a talisman. The change wrought in her position is palpable, tangible, incontrovertible. The great military

Power, with whom alone till now she condescended to be matched or measured, has for the time being ceased to exist. Another, possibly a greater, has suddenly started into colossal development; but the instincts and the interests of Prussia can never be antagonistic in the same sense or to the same extent as the instincts or interests of France; and a thousand considerations of neighbourship, trade, and dynasty make Russia and Prussia naturally sincere allies. Each, if it cannot give, can guarantee the other all it wants; and there is comparatively little either covets which the other would quarrel about. Give and take is the obvious policy of St. Petersburg and Berlin. Russia will readily assent, therefore, to France being despoiled of Alsace and Lorraine, Prussia not objecting to the realization of the Empress Catherine's dream. The power of veto is gone. Europe has stood by and seen France ridden down; Europe still stands looking on, watching the work of decimation and destruction as it is daily rendered more complete. Europe must, therefore, take the consequences—not the aggrandizement of Prussia alone, but the reversal of the sentence of Sebastopol, and the re-establishment of Muscovite dominion on the Lower Danube and the Dardanelles.

It may not come to-morrow, or the day after, but it will assuredly come; and then, what shall we have to show for the forty millions of money borrowed for the Crimean expedition, and for which we levy taxes to pay an interest of three per cent.? It was voted a glorious expenditure at the time; and what Lord Palmerston would say or do were he here to be consulted on the matter, we do not undertake to tell. But he and Napoleon III. are equally silent now; and we, who paid the money and shed the blood, ask, but ask in vain, what will it avail a twelvemonth hence? Russia's opportunity is come at last. Baron Brunnow and Count Ignatieff may deny it, feign not to see it; like admirable actors, may mildly laugh at it. They are very wise to do so, for the opportunity has come unawares, and time must be gained to make ready. But the opportunity is here, such as there has not been for more than half a century—we should rather say such as there has never been before.